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THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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PROTESTS SUGGEST SELFISHNESS

APPARENTLY, the "ins," by which we may designate that portion of the affiliated city government holding appointive offices, are not disposed to view with complacency the proposed charter amendments which, if adopted, would legislate them out of warm berths on to a cold, cold world. In the board of public works, especially, this tendency is noticeable; one member attacks the proponent, Mr. Burks, for political activity in the promulgation of his views—a far-fetched charge—and now comes that one-time sturdy exponent of democracy, Lorin A. Handley, sadly fallen from grace, who, as president of the public works commission exclaims against the proposed "one-man-administration" which has been so "hastily sprung" upon the people.

Sollicitous Mr. Handley protests, he begs to inform the public, "on behalf of the nearly 200,000 voters of this city against having amendments so revolutionary in character and so sweeping in effect sprung upon them for decision in a few weeks." The dear man! We venture the assertion that the other 199,999 voters are well able to do their own protesting, in the manner provided by the election laws, if they are not in accord with the new charter plan suggested by the efficiency expert, Mr. Burks. To borrow from the great bard, "he doth protest too much." As for the voters having too little time to consider the amendments, Mr. Handley underestimates their intelligence. Forty-five days to study ten amendments should be ample for the average man; the board of public works president is over-sollicitous. His admonition to make haste slowly lest "we" repent at leisure, sounds like an individual cry of alarm. Possibly, Mr. Handley may be regarded as ideal material for the department to which he is assigned, but a business manager with an eye out for expert services might be of a contrary opinion. Such a contingency may be contemplated by the official now protesting "on behalf of the nearly 200,000 voters of the city" against his disturbance, mentally and physically.

Yet Mr. Handley confesses that "we could not have a worse organization than at present and one fraught with more danger to the public." He adds, "Our concern"—meaning, we assume, "his" concern—"therefore, is to inquire whether or not we want a one-man administration in Los Angeles." Inasmuch as the voters, under the proposed charter amendments, elect the city attorney, assessor, auditor, mayor and city council, while the mayor appoints the civil service board, the

police commission, board of education, city prosecutor, chief of police and the art commission, the "one-man administration" about which the board of public works president is so greatly concerned exists largely in the perturbed brain of the city official. "One-man," so far as being responsible for the administration of the business of the municipality that calls for the employment of experts rather than politicians; to save the money of the taxpayers to the best of his ability; to represent that growing demand for concentration of responsibility in the purely business branch of city affairs and the absolute divorcement of politics. Yet is the city manager responsible to the council for his efficiency and the council to the people. As for the manager's appointees they are subject to the recall under the charter provisions if they prove untrustworthy, while the efficient employees are protected by the civil service rules. Let us have no more alarms sounded by official protestants "on behalf of the people." They suggest selfishness and savor of buncombe.

TAFT'S PREGNANT WORDS

EVERY California legislator who blindly obeyed the behest of Governor Johnson to support the anti-alien land law bill in 1912 should read with contrite heart and a humble sense of personal dereliction of duty the statement of former President William H. Taft, whose knowledge of international law is admittedly profound, in an address before the Heptorean Club of Somerville, Mass., Wednesday night of this week. Discussing the possibilities of a war involving the United States Mr. Taft said that the only danger of such a contingency that he could foresee lies in the "wanton, reckless, wicked willingness on the part of a narrow section of the country to gratify racial prejudice and class hatred by flagrant breach of treaty rights in the form of state law, or by lawless violence." He added:

Congress should at once assume authority for the national government to see to it that it cannot be dragged into international difficulties through such blind selfishness, and this step would be quite as effective as improving our military defenses. Indeed, I think it would be more effective to prevent the possibility of war.

We can say amen to that sentiment since it is what we have been preaching in these columns for many months, both before and since the passage of the anti-alien land law bill. But, alas, it was not so much racial prejudice and class hatred that operated to the passage of the measure as the governor's plan to curry favor with the Asiatic exclusionists in the northern part of the state who control, or assume to control, a large labor vote. In addition to that bit of cheap politics there was the desire to embarrass the administration at Washington. This charge is made on the authority of Mr. Meyer Lissner, recognized as the leader of the Progressive party in Southern California and national committeeman, who in his own paper, the California Outlook, has admitted that it was the governor's purpose to teach Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan how to handle the Japanese question, about which, presumably, he knew so much more than they did.

So to feed his vanity, to kowtow to the bigoted labor leaders of San Francisco, the governor ordered the anti-alien land law bill enacted into law and such men as Senators N. W. Thompson, and Carr—the former eager to draw the trail of the red herring across the Torrens amendment bill,

the latter playing for political recognition despite the opposition to the measure of many Pasadena constituents—aided and abetted in the attempt to defy United States treaties and render California a stumbling block in the way of peace with all nations. For, of course, it is this state to which Mr. Taft refers so pointedly in his Somerville speech. The anti-alien land law is both wanton, reckless and wicked. Wanton because there was no general demand for its passage from the state at large, reckless because of the portends of trouble it held, and wicked because it was viciously conceived with a definitive purpose, as shown, to "teach the administration a lesson."

WILSON AGAIN STRIKES TWELVE

VANITY and fine poise are apparent throughout President Wilson's notable message to congress, delivered in person at the opening of the short term Tuesday. No American, whose mind is not mentally askew, can read his recommendations to the legislative branch of government without experiencing a feeling of intense satisfaction that the executive office is entrusted to such safe hands. There is no highfalutin talk when discussing our military defenses, no spread-eagleism in dwelling upon our national policy of relying upon a trained citizenry rather than upon a standing army. Mr. Wilson voices the sentiments of the vast majority of Americans when he says that we have no dread of the power of any other nation. We are not jealous of rivalry in the fields of commerce or of any other peaceful achievement. "We mean to live our own lives as we will, but we mean, also, to let live." Note this comforting and inspiring thought so simply yet earnestly conveyed:

We are, indeed, a true friend to all the nations of the world, because we threaten none, covet the possessions of none, desire the overthrow of none. Our friendship can be accepted and is accepted without reservation, because it is offered in a spirit and for a purpose which no one need ever question or suspect. Therein lies our greatness. We are the champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn. Just now we should be particularly jealous of it, because it is our dearest present hope that this character and reputation may presently, in God's providence, bring us an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed any nation, the opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world and reconciliation and a healing settlement of many a matter that has cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations.

Not long ago Representative Gardner of Massachusetts introduced a resolution in congress calling for an investigation for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the United States is prepared for war. In his supporting speech he scouted the idea that the National Guard is a base of strength, wholly dependable for defense. What he wants is a radical change that will put the United States on a parity with Germany and her four millions of trained soldiers. With this view not many of us can agree and least of all the President, who in discussing our military policy, tartly declares that we are not yet ready to turn America into a military camp. He says:

We never have had, and while we retain our present principles and ideals, we never shall have, a large standing army. If asked, are you ready to defend yourselves, we reply, most assuredly, to the utmost. . . . We will not ask our young men to spend the best years of their lives making soldiers of themselves. There is another sort of energy in us. It will know how to declare itself and make itself effective should

occasion arise. And especially when half the world is on fire we shall be careful to make our moral insurance against the spread of the conflagration very definite and certain and adequate indeed.

As if directly replying to Mr. Gardner's tocsin-sounding appeal the President admonishes against reversing the whole history and character of the country's policy. He believes in developing and strengthening the National Guard by every means not inconsistent with our obligations to our own people, adding, "More than this, proposed at this time, permit me to say, would mean merely that we have lost our self-possession, that we have been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes can not touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility or fearful preparation for trouble. This is assuredly the opportunity for which a people and a government like ours was raised up, the opportunity not only to speak, but actually to embody and exemplify the counsels of peace and amity and the lasting concord which is based on justice and fair and generous dealing." Our ships are our natural bulwark, just as he says, and a powerful navy we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense.

Equally sane and to the point is the President's advocacy of the pending ship purchase bill by government, to provide means to carry the nation's goods to the empty markets. He points out that the war in Europe has left foreign nations more dependent than ever upon the United States for supplies. "It is not a question of the government monopolizing the field," he emphasizes, "it should take action to make it certain that transportation at reasonable rates will be promptly provided, even where the carriage is not at first profitable; and then when the carriage has become sufficiently profitable to attract and engage private capital, and engage it in abundance, the government ought to withdraw." Nothing unreasonable or ultra-radical in this recommendation and, certainly, much fairer to the whole country than to tax the masses in order to pay subsidies to ship owners who will eventually reap all the profit. As the President observes, the case is not unlike that which confronted the country when this continent was waiting to be opened up for settlement and we needed long lines of railway to solve transportation problems. Lavish subsidies led to many scandals which have taught us that a better way to accomplish the same end would avoid. The government ship-purchase bill is the solution of the present problem and it is to be hoped that congress will hasten to adopt the pending measure. The country is to be felicitated upon the kind of President it has installed in the White House. He grows in grace the longer he remains in office. His messages to congress are replete with sound sense and right thinking.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT AT SCHOOL

BECAUSE an unruly lad was "paddled" at a private military school in Los Angeles his parents have had the principal and his assistant arrested for extreme cruelty, thereby exposing the school—an excellent one, by the way—to unpleasant criticism, which, perhaps, is not deserved. Every adult of either sex has certain ingrained notions of the proper way to discipline minors, and among such are many who look upon physical punishment with righteous horror. Moral suasion, they argue, is all that is necessary in the way of discipline; corporal chastisement they regard as an indignity to the child and wholly superfluous.

With that view many a parent, who has great love for his offspring, will express dissent. There are occasions when an unruly child, upon whom

argument and entreaty alike, are wasted, must be given sterner treatment in order to enforce obedience or respect for rules and regulations. Even as the whipping post is the only adequate punishment for wife-beaters, so a birch rod or a "paddle" is the last recourse of the school principal in dealing with an incorrigible pupil, upon whom moral suasion is about as impressive as a pin prick on a pachyderm. This is not to say the "paddled" lad, now the seat of contention of indignant parents versus school, is of the incorrigible class, although the irate principal so holds; what we offer is for general consumption and is deduced from averages.

It is to be regretted that the father of the punished youth, rector of an Episcopalian church in this city, did not refer the entire matter to the bishop of the diocese under whose auspices the military school, scene of the castigation, is conducted. Bishop Johnson is a churchman of fine sensibilities, having a nice regard for justice, broad-minded, tolerant, kindly, sympathetic; an ideal judge before whom a case of this nature might go with full assurance that his decision would be impartially reached. As a matter of good taste, the investigation should have been placed wholly in his hands; this much, we should think, was due to his position and the character of the school. If the principal was found to have exceeded his authority, or had exercised undue cruelty in administering punishment, the remedy applied by the bishop would have been fully as efficient, one may venture, as that to be extracted from a police court. Naturally, the bishop cannot proceed now; his hands are tied by the action of the complainant who must abide by the decision of the police justice, after a full hearing. Possibly, there may be disclosures that may be regarded as provocative of the punishment inflicted. That, however, is merely a guess, not an innuendo.

It occurs to us that in entering a lad at a private school, the parents, presumably, have fully informed themselves as to the rules and regulations governing such admission, and by their action subscribe to them. If corporal punishment is included for gross misconduct, they tacitly concur in its enforcement. What a pity that the churchly head of the diocese, sponsor for the school, is not the arbiter of this case instead of a police justice. An emotional nature, doubtless, is responsible for the hasty resort to the courts, which for many reasons is to be deplored. The trial is set for February 10. We shall hope to see it settled out of court, long before that date.

BRAKES ON JITNEY CRAFT NEEDED

CHIEF of Police Sebastian should be promptly supported by the city council in his demands for drastic regulation of the jitney busses. Inspection of the daily roster of killed and wounded in the last sixty days reveals the urgent necessity for councilmanic action that shall, at least, have the effect of curtailing the casualty list, now reaching alarming proportions. Properly regulated, so that greater protection is afforded both foot-passengers and the traveling public, the right of these free-lance transportation lines to occupy the public streets is not to be questioned, but the city officials have a duty to perform in insuring the safety of the masses, which must take precedence of all other considerations. Their policy in dealing with this vexed question is a subject of deep interest to the community.

Overloading the light automobiles, principally engaged in the conveyance traffic is, perhaps, the most serious menace to the public. Built to carry five persons, it is a common occurrence at the rush hours to see double that number packed into a machine, the driver so cramped for space that not only has he difficulty in guiding the car, but it is next to impossible to keep a vigilant eye

on his surroundings. As a natural sequence accidents take place; other machines and vehicles are rammed, pedestrians are maimed and, occasionally, killed and, at intervals, the overload itself is pitched headlong or so badly jolted by the jammed jitneys that the victims are sent limping sadly homeward to repent their choice. As Mr. Charles H. Burnett, transportation expert, pointed out in *The Graphic* last week, continuous overloading of a light car will inevitably weaken it and when least expected the overtaxed part will give way, possibly, when the machine is traveling at high speed, with serious results to the patrons.

This is merely to take a superficial glance at the situation, but enough is suggested to show that Chief Sebastian is amply warranted in the attitude he has assumed and he ought to meet with hearty co-operation in the legislative branch of the city government. A blanket insurance of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars should be required of every licensee, regular running time demanded and a limited load insisted upon. In their haste to pick up passengers, too little attention to safety is given by the drivers; this, also, should be considered in the rules and regulations issued for the protection of the public. If the jitney craft is to remain with us, let the constituted authorities see to it that the dangers are reduced to a minimum and this can be done only by promulgating stiff rules and compelling a strict adherence to them. Eternal vigilance on the part of the police, in the wake of the ordinance, is the sole price of safety.

DISCRIMINATION IN AMENDMENTS

STUDY of the official returns of the vote on amendments and propositions reveals several jarring surprises and a few gratifying results, besides proving the really intelligent discrimination displayed by the masses, in the main, in arriving at a majority decision. Hardly in the nature of a surprise is the vote abolishing the poll tax and yet, in a total of nearly 780,000, it received a majority of only 30,000 votes. It will prove a boomerang to every property owner who voted in the affirmative, in increased taxation. In lightening the burden of him who pays no other tax in support of the government he has added to his own. Consolidation of city and county and limited annexation of contiguous territory was indorsed by fewer than seven thousand votes. County towns sought by the centers of population need to keep a wary eye on this measure which subjects the smaller city to participation in the bonded indebtedness of the greater by a majority instead of a two-thirds vote. It is significant that in Los Angeles county the smaller communities voted three to one against the amendment, although, of course, the metropolis favored the plan. The difference of opinion indicated is portentous of future conclusions.

It is generally conceded that the approval of what is known as the investment companies' act and the defeat of the proposed measure regulating investment companies denote nice discrimination. No bona fide, honestly incorporated investment concern need fear the workings of the act which was approved by the people by a majority in excess of 55,000. Prohibition was defeated by nearly 160,000 votes; the eight-hour law by more than 325,000, the largest adverse expression registered on any amendment. Abatement of nuisances, to which so determined an opposition was made in San Francisco, pulled through by nearly fifty thousand votes, despite the 30,000 the other way cast in the northern metropolis. The unwise plan of allowing absent electors to vote was rejected by 145,000 majority, certainly an emphatic disapproval. By a little more than eight thousand the non-sale of game measure was defeated, a regrettable decision. Sacramento fair bonds received their quietus, properly enough, by

more than forty thousand votes and the Los Angeles state building bonds came within five thousand of receiving similar drastic treatment.

Ranking well up with the negative expressions on the prohibition, eight-hour law and assembly pay-roll expenses measures—which latter had in excess of 200,000 majority against—was the seventh day rest law with 167,000 majority opposed. The drugless practice act suffered rigor mortis by close to 240,000 majority. The closest vote was that on constitutional conventions which was given 271,896 to 274,325, losing by 2429. Much interest was evinced in No. 47, prohibiting prohibition elections, which attempt at muzzling the people for a period of eight years was vetoed by a majority of 80,000. Thus, in spite of the elongated list of propositions the results indicate a fairly intelligent understanding of the principles involved, proving that the people studied the questions to good purpose. Much credit must be given to the women for this outcome whose activities were assiduous in elucidating the meaning of the various proposals. In Southern California, particularly, scarcely a small center could be found without its civic club of women, earnestly studying the amendments, and they received efficient help from the larger centers which furnished lecturers gratis to clarify the problems. We commend this phase of the recent election to those states now in darkness as to dual suffrage. In California, the women are responding nobly and with much astuteness to their new duties.

WHEN SCHMITZ IS VINDICATED

WHILE Carter H. Harrison of Chicago is debating whether or not he will, for the sixth time, present himself as a candidate for mayor, after serving through five terms, Eugene E. Schmitz, known as the fiddling-mayor of San Francisco, who was removed from office when in his third term because of the taint of the graft prosecution that besmirched him, has announced that he will aspire to a complete fourth term in 1915. This decision he vouchsafed to an admiring constituency, Monday night, on his return from New York, at the Market street ferry, where an enthusiastic crowd, headed by a brass band, greeted his arrival. Not because of any zeal he may have for the office, but because his friends have convinced him that the people want him, the modest Eugene told his auditors, was the reason he would be a candidate.

Whether "the people" are outnumbered by his friends to the extent the former mayor would have himself believe remains to be seen. Considering the recent vote on the abatement of nuisances act we can readily understand that a little thing like participation in the Ruef grafting-as-a-fine-art will not necessarily prove detrimental to Mr. Schmitz' prospects for success. Doubtless, there are many good people in San Francisco who will do their utmost to spike the Schmitz ambitions, but we apprehend they are in a minority—the friends of the deposed mayor will probably be in the ascendant election day. It has not been revealed to what extent the former executive profited by the Ruef activities, but as he was able to build a handsome and expensive home that cost several times the total sum of his official salary in the six years of his stewardship, it is to be conjectured that his share of the fees at least exceeded that apportioned to each supervisor.

We hasten to congratulate our northern neighbor on the decision just launched by the Hon. Eugene E. Schmitz. His election will not only vindicate the musician-mayor's course, but it will encourage other too prehensilely-disposed officials in the belief that they, too, may one day, "come back," if they can fiddle well, have black, roached-hair, fine eyes, a striking figure and a grievous look when the accusatory finger is pointed in their direction. We shall hope, in the event of

Mr. Schmitz' triumph, to see the prison doors open on Mr. Ruef, and his speedy return to San Francisco be accomplished, there to lend his undoubted talents in contributing to the success of the Schmitz administration. With the esteemed Bulletin running unexpurgated serial stories of sordid amours of courtesans, Mr. Schmitz, in the mayoralty chair, Mr. Ruef acting as guide and counsellor to the administration, the Barbary coast reopened, simultaneously with the doors of the exposition, and a majority of thirty thousand striving to dodge the abatement of nuisances act, what a temptation to the average citizen from these humdrum parts to have urgent business in the north in 1915!

GRAPHITES

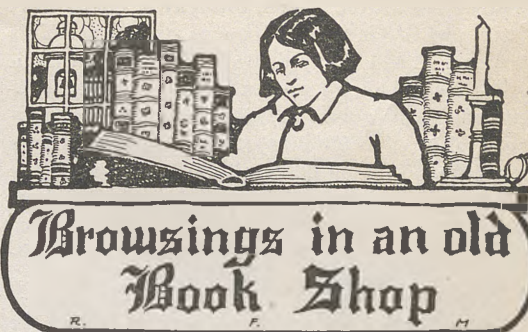
At the same time that the one-room ungraded country school is being replaced by graded district schools, ungraded classes are being introduced in the city schools. It looks queer, but is really only a recognition of the basic fact that not all children progress equally or can be moulded in one universal form. That system cannot entirely take the place of leadership; a sort of side issue of the old question whether the spirit of the times, or the personality of a great leader, is the determining factor in the development of the world. Anyway, if you want a really interesting conversation get the teacher of an ungraded class to talk a little. You will find that even if queer, not all her pupils are really mentally deficient.

Why are books illustrated? In "A History of the American People" by Woodrow Wilson, a picture of Count de Grasse covers more than half of the page which tells about Shay's Rebellion, while one of Gov. Bowdoin and his proclamation, offering amnesty to those participating in that outbreak, are respectively sixteen and twelve pages away. A whole page is given up to a likeness of Prince Metternich, who is once casually mentioned fifteen pages later. One-third of the printed surface of this great work is covered by pictures, most of which are at least equally out of place. In a so-called "edition de luxe" of the world's great classics, an engraving of a statue of a pugilist is, in a mysterious manner, supposed to illuminate the text of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." In a scientific work, by a university president, pictures of a snake, eagle, ostrich, opossum, accompany printed pages about the origin of life. In fact, pictures which genuinely illustrate the accompanying text are so rare as to be a genuine surprise. And when you come to the popular magazines and novels, not only do the illustrations fail to illustrate, but the drawing and engraving, (if one may use this old word for the modern reproduction method) are about on a par with those of the English "chap-books" and pamphlets of one hundred and fifty years ago.

Harriman was a wizard in financial matters, but knew no more about the care of his body than a child in kindergarten. Many of the most eminent philosophers, and thinkers have been babes in financial or physiological matters. The most successful business men often know nothing about scientific or mathematical subjects. The development of nations is equally one-sided. Practically, every European nation has failed in some way to improve on, or grow out of, its mediaeval characteristics. The slums of the English cities, the intense militarism of Germany and the backwardness of the Russian peasant, are instances of the failure to develop along some one line.

"Brutal Journalism" in Pasadena

I regret to see that dignified daily, the Pasadena Star, descending to flippancy which may well put it under Edwin Tobias Earl's ban of "brutal journalism." In the issue of last Saturday the customary full page of announcements of Sunday church services carried this six-column line, "Various problems of poultry raising discussed by experts." There have been times when ministers have, doubtless, in their hearts, placed certain of the disturbing feminine members of their flocks in the category of "old hens," and when they who are versed in more modern slang have deplored the flippancies of the younger ones as the vagaries of "chickens," but still, I think it is going a bit far for Brother Charles H. Prisk to designate them as experts in poultry raising.



WHO that reads these brouzings has ever heard of "The Amber Witch," said to recount the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known? I stumbled upon it this week in a little red-covered book printed in London in 1852. It purports to be edited from a defective manuscript of the alleged witch's father, Abraham Schweidler, pastor of Coserow, in Usedom, by Dr. W. Meinhold, and translated from the German by E. A. Friedlander. According to the doctor of divinity who edited the manuscript, in Coserow, upon the island of Usedom, there was, under the singers' seat of the parish church, and almost level with the ground, a sort of niche or closet, in which in his pastorate, Dr. Meinhold had often seen a number of written papers lying about that, on account of his short-sightedness, and the darkness of the place, he took for old hymn-books. One day, however, when instructing the children in the church, the pastor was seeking for a paper mark in the catechism of one of the boys, and not finding it immediately, the old sexton went under the choir and presently returned with a folio book that the doctor had never seen before and out of which, without saying a word, the sexton tore a strip of paper and handed to the teacher. Dr. Meinhold was attracted by the manuscript and examining the book found that it was bound in pig's-leather and was defective at the beginning and end and also, in the middle, leaves were missing. On being scolded the old man explained that a former pastor had given him the manuscript for waste paper, as it had been lying about for many years.

Dr. Meinhold at once set about deciphering the reclaimed treasure and after he had, with much difficulty, read through the book he was powerfully stirred by the matters it recited. A predecessor pastor of the old church, two centuries before, was the author of the manuscript, which proved to be the exceedingly interesting story of the accusation of witchcraft lodged against his daughter, Maria, her trial and sentence and fortunate escape, together with the romance that came of it. Pastor Schweidler appears to have been a Pomeranian, at any rate he lived in Silesia in his youth. Six chapters of the manuscript were missing but enough remained to show that at the outbreak of the thirty years' war the soldiers quartered at the parsonage had sacked the place and left the occupants without a scrap of food or a bit of silver to replenish the larder. Application for help was made to the chief-justice of the district, Wittich von Appelmann, a niggardly fellow with a sorry reputation. A neighbor, however, supplied their immediate wants and saved them from starvation. But in their distress they were not forgotten. The little maid while out picking berries in the forest stumbled upon a vein of amber, imbedded in charcoal, which the pastor spaded up and sold in the city for five hundred florins, thus relieving all their wants. Soon after this the amthauptmann or justice, who had denied them food, the Lord Wittich, cast his lecherous eye on the parson's daughter and sought her undoing.

To accomplish his purpose he secretly spread the word that little Maria was a witch and with the aid of his accomplices made it appear that she was responsible for all the sickness that then attacked the people of Coserow. In consequence, the pastor's congregation deserted him and strange tales began to circulate of his daughter's alliance with the powers of sin. Finally, came the order for her incarceration and examination as a witch. Taken before the justice he advised her privately that if she would submit to him all the charges would be dismissed, which the sweet maid promptly scorned. Brought to trial Maria was compelled to walk into court backward, which ridiculous procedure was generally adopted in the case of the first trial of a witch, from an erroneous supposition that on her initial entrance she might at first bewitch the judges with her looks, which might, indeed, have been possible in pretty Maria's case. Asked if she knew whereon she was accused, the little prisoner, between sobs,

revealed the source of her torment, i. e., the chief justice, and of his many infamous proposals. This charge, the head of the court denied, attributing it to the witch's baneful power, an answer that confounded the burgomaster, who acted as interrogator. Followed a number of ridiculous questions purporting to fasten her guilt upon her which the girl bravely refuted. Then was she asked how the money was obtained with which she and her father bestowed charities. The story of the finding of the amber deposit was related and with many blushes the maid told how on one occasion while she was digging the amber at night the young son of the nobleman of Nenkerken had appeared in defiance of his father's wishes and had kissed her. At this innocent confession the old pastor was furiously angry and the court adjourned, the alleged witch being led back to prison.

To add to her distress came a message from the father of the young man, in love with Maria, denying that Rudiger had seen her at the mount as she had alleged on the witness stand and execrating the girl as a witch. This was a hard blow for the defense. Torture for the poor girl was next proposed so that she might be moved to confess. Her father's agonized cries reached her ears and in despair for him she promised to confess. Yes; she could bewitch. Who had taught her? Satan. His name? Disidaemonia, i. e., bigotry, according to Erasmus. In what form had he appeared? In the form of the chief justice. It was enough. She was adjudged guilty. But before sentence could be pronounced the old hag who had been the tool of the justice was taken ill and confessed her wickedness and that of the chief justice who had hired her to betray the maid. This she told in the presence of the beadle, a creature of the justice, and of the pastor. Dying instantly after, however, there was none to corroborate the story in court, for the beadle promptly denied hearing a word. So little Maria was dressed all in white and with the gold chain around her neck, given her by the Emperor Gustavus Adolphus, prepared to meet her death at the stake.

On the way to the scene of the execution of the sentence a heavy storm came up and in crossing the bridge the justice's horse slipped and bore its rider into the flood waters beneath. So suddenly it happened that rescue was not prompt and by the time they reached the body life was extinct. But the burning was ordered to proceed and the girl was at the stake when up dashed the young nobleman, riding for dear life, to rescue his sweetheart. Behind him rode a score of stout serving men, heavily armed, who backed up the daring deed of their young master. He denounced the trial as a mockery, swore that the testimony alleged to come from him was false, that he had been held as a captive and had only recently achieved his liberty, in time to prevent a monstrous crime. Then the beadle, whom the noble youth had wounded, called out that he was dying and with his last breath confessed that the chief justice was to blame for everything; that the old hag's story was true and Maria was innocent, saying which he gave up the ghost. Then the rescuer escorted his ladylove back to her home, scourging the rabble that had so recently acclaimed her roasting. When she was safe inside he turned his horse and rode away.

For days he was absent, and, meanwhile, the little maid pined for him and refused to be comforted. A messenger brought back word that the youth's father had died and was buried, but that the young lord, the heir to the estate, had been gone from home many weeks, none knew whither. Poor little Maria! How pale she was, how distraught! Then, one morning, came galloping furiously across the plain, the young lord, clad as if for his wedding-day and Maria alternately turned red and white until the rider halted at the parson's door and clasped the maiden in his arms, never more to be parted. He had been to Vienna, to get the taint of witchcraft set aside by the higher courts, and to renew the papers of nobility due her father, which had been allowed to lapse. Two days later they were to be married—here the manuscript came to an end, several pages having been destroyed, but the happiness of the reunited lovers can be guessed. On a tablet attached to the wall of the old church are sculptured the figures of the incomparable lord and his yet more incomparable wife. On his faithful breast is depicted the golden chain, with the effigy of the Swedish king. In the church vault there is still a large double coffin, in which, according to tradition, lies a golden chain of inestimable value. That it once belonged to "The Amber Witch," who can doubt? S. T. C.



Hearst Gives Tribune a Leg-Up

In the sad, sad days of last spring, when the Tribune was tottering what appeared to all observers to be its last few feeble tots, I have just learned that William Randolph Hearst came gallantly to the rescue and saved the day for Brother Earl. Jump to no rash conclusion—William Randolph did not become afflicted suddenly with softening of the heart—his action was quite indirect. In the spring when the thoughts of most men turn to lyric diversion, it seemed good to Hearst that he should receive more money from the Los Angeles Examiner. The more he considered the matter, and remembered how he had decorated the city with a handsome new building out in the suburbs of the business district, the better the idea seemed. So the fiat went forth that the advertising rates should be increased. Swift runners were sent out to spread the glad news among the merchants, and as swiftly returned with the word that they were received with coolness, not to say frigidity. In short, the advertisers drew attention to the fact that the time was not propitious for an increase in rates, especially with the lethargic summer solstice approaching. The Examiner was firm, and from its handsome, nearly completed building, sent back word, "Pay the increase or get out." Certain large advertisers such as Bullock's and the Broadway, took the latter alternative, and did get out, and others reduced their apportionment of Examiner advertising so that the paper received less patronage in money than it had before the increase was ordered. Enter Edwin Tobias, hat in hand. The merchants, saving money on the Examiner, sought to extend their business by employing other publicity mediums, and the Tribune received the overflow at a time when showers of blessing of this variety were sadly needed. Moreover, other stores which competed with these insurgents, were forced to follow them into the hitherto neglected Tribune. Thus did Mr. Hearst hand Mr. Earl, in actual cash, several thousand dollars. Comes now the sequel. If in the merry, merry springtime, with all the world aglow, Mr. Hearst sought more revenue, how much more would he seek it when in his eastern home the winter approacheth with its ice and sleet, and the coal man knoweth no mercy. He could not get it by addition, so he has now tried to get it by subtraction. I hear, on excellent authority, that a fifteen per cent cut in expenses was peremptorily ordered from New York a short time ago. It looks as if that "temporary entrance" to the imposing pile on Eleventh street will have to answer for a considerable time to come.

Future of the Tribune Forecasted

Meanwhile, Brother Earl having reduced his losses on the Tribune to the minimum by the practice of such economies as have been noted in these columns from time to time, is believed to be satisfied to keep the Hill Street Twins in pap for still a little longer. One of the leading business men of Los Angeles, who is noted for his foresight, stated to me his prediction, that the Express and Tribune soon will become even more closely cemented than at present, and will be issued as a single enterprise. That is to say, for one advertising rate, business will be printed in both papers. It is upon this basis that the Kansas City Star and Times are published, and have worked up a circulation of a third of a million, the two papers selling to subscribers for 50 cents a month. If E. Tobias comes to life, and takes a leaf out of William R. Nelson's little book, he may yet make a go out of his venture, and be able to afford to compete with "brutal journalism," the brutality of which in his eyes, I opine, lies largely its financial success.

Borden Mismatching Case

Mismatched as they have been, divorce for the Gail Borden is more than justice, it is humane. Of course, the story of the "poor little rich girl,"

who was the "shuttlecock" in the domestic unhappiness of her parents, is newspaper guff. Her father is not rich, beyond the income he gets from the stock dividends of the Borden Evaporated Milk Company, which he inherited as one of the heirs of his grandfather, the founder of the business. He has made many poor investments since he has been in receipt of the bequest, so that when he subscribed rather too liberally to the Y. M. C. A. building fund in this city a few years ago, he was seriously embarrassed in the effort to meet his pledge. For a time he was in the hands of a receiver until his debts were adjusted, but I believe he has emerged from that state of bondage. Gail was liberal in his settlement on his wife, as the \$12,000 a year maintenance allowed her proves. I venture to say that is one-half his total income. He has been living in New York for the last four or five years.

Christ Church Curtails Music

I am told that, after the first of the new year, the excellent quartette at Christ Church will be dropped, and the music provided entirely by Archibald Sessions, the talented organist, and the choir. I cannot give credence to the current rumor that this is because of lack of funds, for the congregation is not one to be embarrassed by ordinary financial flurries, numbering as it does in its membership a large proportion of the wealthiest and most influential citizens. Yet it is difficult to understand, on the other hand, why the church for any other reason should dispense with a quartette of singers of such high reputation. Truly Christ Church is not the abode of peace that it was in former years.

Death of N. W. Halsey's Widow

Friends and business acquaintances in Southern California of the late N. W. Halsey, former head of the big bond house that bears his name, will learn with regret of the death of his widow, South Orange, N. J., Monday of this week, several weeks' severe illness. Mrs. Halsey, a charming woman, widely traveled, an accomplished musician and of fine character. I hear wish to continue the large business her husband had built up as nearly as could be in the way he had planned and to this she gave much of her time and energies. Ralph Halsey, her son, who is actively connected with the business, will continue to represent the family in the bond house; he and a married daughter, Frances H. Smith, are the surviving children. Mrs. Halsey was a first cousin of the wife of the editor of The Graphic by whom she was highly esteemed.

When Is Journalism Brutal?

It must be a difficult thing for the employees of Mr. Earl's two newspapers to decide just when journalism becomes brutal. We have been hearing a great deal from these tender exemplars of lady-like journalism of late, in exhortation of the exponents of ruthless news-printing, but have not yet been favored with a definition of the limits which good taste and high ethics place upon a newspaper conducted upon the high moral plane of the Express and Tribune. There has been no "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." An interesting study, to such as are trying to work out the point of view, albeit a rather puzzling one, is the attitude which all the Earl publications west of the Arroyo Seco adopted toward the story of the arrest of a Rhode Island millionaire at the instance of a Los Angeles young woman who claimed she had suffered at his hands. The story was printed first in the Saturday morning papers, excepting the Tribune, which, apparently, regarded it as brutal journalism so to do. The Express fell into line with this idea, and the adventures of Charles Alexander and Jessie Cope continued in the brutal journalism class right down to the last green edition Saturday evening. Suddenly, the story became purified, and ceased to be brutal, and Sunday morning the Tribune's subscriber found the story lightly and gently offered him under a red line half way across the front page, with an explanatory line of equal length in black. 'Tis a bit complex, being an exponent of refined news dissemination.

Cosmopolitan Club at U. of S. C.

I hear that the Oriental, Spanish-American, and other foreign students at the University of Southern California constitute a considerable band. Los Angeles, with its half million inhabitants, is distinctly cosmopolitan, and seventy per cent of the students at the University have their homes in the city. At length, a Cosmopolitan Club has been formed in the institution, which will affiliate itself with other similar organizations in the country. At its first meeting last Saturday there were

present ten Japanese, six Filipinos, two Chinese, one Hawaiian, one Korean, and one Armenian. Speeches were made in Tagalog and in Spanish; and the warmest interest was shown in the new movement. The Oriental department, of which Dr. James Main Dixon is the head, is in full sympathy with the aims of the club. The services of Rev. John Hedley, of Redondo Beach, author of that fine book, "Tramps Through Dark Mongolia," have been secured as lecturer on Chinese subjects. He lived for many years at Tientsin, and knows Yuan-shi-kai, president of the republic, well.

How Did Shakespeare Die?

Richard Burton tells me that he expects, soon, to publish an article on the death of William Shakespeare, which will be of interest to all lovers of the Bard. While Dr. Burton told me of the facts I feel that it would be unethical to divulge them in full, but suffice it that he has run across a rare volume, probably the only one extant, in which is printed in true Pepsian style, the diary of a man who was personally in touch with the facts. The Puritan of today will be rather shocked by the disclosures, but it must be remembered that conditions were different in the Elizabethan time, and social customs then considered not out of the ordinary would now be the gravest sort of error. It is a peculiar fact that none of the biographies of Shakespeare gives any clue to the manner of his death, it being shrouded in even greater mystery than the remainder of his career. Dr. Burton's find is a decidedly interesting one, and I shall await with much interest the publication of the story in detail.

Celtic Club Grows in Grace

One of the cherished possessions of the Celtic Club is a noble blackthorn brought over from Ireland a few years ago by a former president of the club, the lamented Robert J. Burdette. It is now used as a gavel in calling the club to order, the present president, Edmund Mitchell, having had a silver shield attached to the knob bearing the inscription, "Celtic Club, Los Angeles, from Robert J. Burdette, President, 1911." At the monthly banquet Tuesday night, President Mitchell paid a warm tribute to his honored predecessor, followed by another past president, Rev. Ezra A. Healy, after which the recording secretary, Prof. J. M. Dixon, read the following resolutions, which were sent to Mrs. Burdette, with expressions of sympathy:

"The Celtic Club, at this its first meeting after the death of its beloved ex-president, Robert J. Burdette, desires to record its deep regret at the loss of so good a kinsman and friend. As in every gathering where he was present, and especially where he presided, so in the gatherings of the Celtic Club our dead kinsman diffused harmony and bubbling kindness around. We enjoyed his inimitable jesting fresh from the source; we delighted in his quaintly expressed wisdom; we loved to see him wield the Irish blackthorn that he brought to us from across the Atlantic and which became then and remained thereafter the gavel of our chief, and the symbol of his authority. Representing that branch of our Celtic family which has given to the world the ideal character of King Arthur, he carried on the traditions of reverence for truth in thought, purity in word, and kindness in deed associated with that stainless prince of chivalry. The Celtic Club is profoundly grateful for having such memories of its dead chief as it cherishes today."

Dr. Walter Lindley read a thoughtful paper on Irish dramatists and Irish drama, in which the erudite doctor proved his intimate knowledge of the subject he treated so skillfully. Judge Frank Finlayson gave an interesting talk on the Druids and their beliefs, and Jimmy Burns sang Tipperary in capital form, with the Celts joining in the chorus. I wish the California Club members could induce their associate to give them this treat.

Last of the Vernon Events

With the event of last Tuesday evening, Vernon ceases to be a point of interest in the environs of Los Angeles, having neither a baseball team nor a pugilistic arena (operative) to attract attention to the fact that it is an incorporated city. T. J. McCarey, it is likely, will go to New Orleans to continue his operations as a promoter, and this is the one regret concerning the new state law. If there had been more men like "Uncle Tom" in charge of affairs fistic, it is questionable if there would have been any marked agitation against the game, this notwithstanding the fact that it was in Los Angeles that the agitation started. But for prize fighting, as it is generally known, there will be few

regrets, weighted down as it is with such a large number of undesirables. New Orleans is to be congratulated upon wooing McCarey away from the City of the Angels, and its followers of the fight game can rest assured that the sport will be conducted on the square as well as in the squared circle.

Pomona College Nearing Goal

With a million-dollar endowment fund as its goal, Pomona College is now within speaking distance of a great jubilation, I learn from the erudite and energetic President James A. Blaisdell, who has been here this week carrying on his campaign in behalf of his laudable ambition. This progressive institution at Claremont is fortunate in having as its head a man of the caliber of Dr. Blaisdell, and his capacity for interesting people in his project has overcome more than one man in the last week.

Austin Martin's Able Report

I have read with great interest the explicit, thorough and informing report of Austin O. Martin, manager of the Los Angeles Investment Company, to its stockholders. It is a remarkably able document, repressed in tone where strong language might, perhaps, be excused, cautious in statement of fact, considerate ever of the stockholders' interests, and withal a most sensible and well-written paper, proving that the directors made no error in installing Mr. Martin in the responsible position he holds. Every stockholder in the company should read the report with great care and make an effort to conform to the suggestions it contains, which are all based on sound argument. The company is to be felicitated on having so conscientious and energetic a manager guarding its interests.

More About the Jitney

I had a mysterious telephone message this week, conveying a still further suggestion as to the origin of the word "jitney." My informant declined to state his identity, apparently not willing to have it known that he was conversant with the things whereof he spoke. He said that "jitney" is a piece of thieves' slang, and has been in common use among tramps, dope fiends, and their kin, for a long time. I still maintain, however, that none of the theories advanced interferes with the well-authenticated statement that the word comes from the southern states, and probably, had its origin among the negroes, whose talent for twisting the language is well known.

State Division Next Problem

In the past, whenever state division was suggested, it was always in the north that the great chorus of objections arose. Now, the suggestion is renewed, this time from the north itself. I have no means of knowing how general the discussion has become, but the News Letter has been hammering away at it for several weeks. Editorially, this publication discovers what has been apparent for years, that there is a distinct difference between the north and the south, remarking: "David loved Jonathan, and Damon Pythias; but still David and Jonathan were two different men, and so were Damon and Pythias. Neither of the duos could have formed a single human unit, however much they might have wished it. Nor could they have exactly the same views, thoughts or tastes. David might have been fond of sweet pickles, but that would be no reason why Jonathan should rave about them. Damon might have delighted in musical comedy, but surely Pythias should not be censured on that account for abhorring this form of entertainment. Observe, that we have chosen for our similes some of the instances of genuine friendship recorded in the annals of mankind, not such as have collapsed when put to the test, like that of Roosevelt and Taft, or England and Germany." If the north comes to the point of agreeing upon division, I think there will be no determined opposition in the south. That will be one way of divorcing ourselves from our Hiram.

Mrs. Chaffee to Leave Los Angeles

In a short time, the many friends of Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee will regret to learn, Los Angeles is to lose her charming personality, which in the past has graced so many social affairs, while the general was living. With his death, however, the east holds stronger ties for her, and she will make her home with her children, Lieutenant and Mrs. John H. Howard, at Fort Slocum, New York, a part of the year, at least. This will be a genuine loss to Los Angeles society, and will leave a niche not easily filled.

OLD GLORY

Soft breezes whisper and rough winds reecho,
Ripples sing softly and waves are intoning
Solemn and slow but with strong iteration,
"Hail to Old Glory—Old Glory—Old Glory!"
All that hath voice would assemble to praise her,
Floating so high that she merits the honor,
Flag of all races and classes—the people—
Hail to Old Glory, the flag of the world!

Still is she raised where the old dame, New
England,
Through her sea window looks out on the water,
Peering abroad through the mists of her ocean
Into the future for children still coming,
Quick to her arms to be told of her story.

And she is lifted in Liberty's harbor
Near to the proudest and maddest of cities,
Near to the streets—narrow canons new-carven
Sharply and strong 'twixt the skyscrapers lofty,
Near to her revels, her pomp and her struggle,
Near to her souls newly born into bondage
Praying for growth and redemption and freedom,
Dreaming—believing with hope in her promise—
Pleading, "Old Glory—Old Glory—Old Glory."

She hath been borne through the corn-covered
prairie,
Onward until, by the shores of the great lakes,
Bravely and lovingly she hath been lifted
High as the timber is tall in Wisconsin.

And, like a bride, with the Father of Waters,
She hath gone South to the hemp and the cot-
ton—
Yea, she is loved in enchanted savannahs,
Blessing with increase the hope of her people.

In prairie schooners she traversed the desert,
Seeking her own and to them still belonging;
She hath been held to the crest of the Rockies,
Where those who climb, may not climb any
higher.

She hath no fear of the thorn of the cactus—
Rough, virile lands have been hers for the asking.
Hers are the staves of the stout manzanita,
Hers is the poignant sweet sage of the mesa,
Yucca and palm and the moss-fringed live oak.
Hers are the sands of the long, level beaches
Sloping at last to the sunny Pacific,
Where there is sounding a marvellous rhythm—
Anthems of love and of praise and of wonder—
All for Old Glory—Old Glory—Old Glory.

In the Bay of The Sun are her navies assembled,
Or anchored they ride in the great Golden Gate-
way,
Or Northward they steam to the snows of
Alaska,

All in her service to keep her unsullied.
These with the squadron that guards the Atlantic
Are as one body, one spirit united
Strong in one faith and one kinship forever.
And of our kind there are millions whose life
blood
Cherished for peace, would be poured for her
honor—
Poured for Old Glory—Old Glory—Old Glory.

Hers are the blossoms of spring and of summer,
Hers are the fruitage, the bounty, the bearing,
And all our harvests are proof of her prowess.
Here are the broad stripes, red as our life blood,
White as her honor, by millions upholden;
Here are her stars every commonwealth naming,
Crowning her, claiming her kinship with Heaven.
Rain cannot stain her, nor sun fade her beauty;
For all who love her, she still is immortal.

All voices greet her—birds of the woodland,
Treble of childhood and full bass of manhood,
Soldier and sailor and merchant and tailor,
Ragpicker, housewife, banker and baker,
Charwoman, typesetter, shop girl and laundress,
Farmer and editor hailing Old Glory.

Flag of our country, thy lovers unnumbered
Come as they came in the days of beginning,
From every land to thy blessed unfurling,
From every kind to thy mighty uplifting.
Thine are the Slav and the Celt and the Saxon.
Thine are the Negro, the Jew and the Latin,
Thine every people who love thy allegiance,
Seeking thy shelter in brotherhood bonded,
Here to one faith and one covenant pledging
Life and its toil and its love, till its ending.
Thine is the dream of the meeting and merging,
Moulding and making the ultimate manhood!
Wherefore, all races, all classes—The People—
Hail thee and name thee their boast and their
banner—
Hail thee Old Glory—Old Glory—Old Glory—
Hail thee Old Glory, the flag of the world!
—MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

Hauptmann Greatest Dramatist of Generation---By Randolph Bartlett

GERHART Hauptmann will be known in America, probably, for many years to come, only through his published plays, and since this giant among the European dramatists has knit together in his own works the period from the zenith of Ibsen's powers to the present day, the publication of his complete works must certainly be regarded as the most important dramatic literature offering of this decade. It is interesting to note the progress of the career of this great German chronologically with those of contemporaries whom he has seen rise and wane.

It was in 1889, when Ibsen was just completing what was to be his greatest financial success in his lifetime, "Hedda Gabler," that Hauptmann, who had been groping for a profession for several years, wrote his first play, "Before Dawn," a socialistic drama which was fortunate enough to get an immediate production at the hands of the Freie Bühne and precipitate its author into a turmoil of controversy which stimulated him, naturally enough, to further effort. Contemporaneously with the production of "Hedda Gabler" came that of Pinero's "The Profligate," and Hauptmann's second play, a sordid drama of domestic trouble, "The Reconciliation." For several years nothing more was heard from Ibsen, but, meanwhile, came Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives," a confessed remodeling of "Rosmersholm," yet with much the same conclusion, and then, in 1892, he won recognition as the master dramatist of Germany, a position he has held ever since without question, with "The Weavers." This was the year in which Oscar Wilde gave the world that remarkable drama, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and Shaw produced one of his first important pieces, "Widowers' Houses." In 1893 Hauptmann wrote one of the first of the "crook" plays, "The Beaver Coat." Ibsen returned to the "Rosmersholm" theme with a new interpretation in "The Master Builder." Pinero presented one of the most disagreeable plays ever written, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Wilde came out with "A Woman of No Importance." In the few years that followed Hauptmann produced, among other things, "Hannele" and "The Sunken Bell." Ibsen sang practically his swan songs in "Little Eyolf" and "John Gabriel Borkman" and Shaw struck twelve with "Candida" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Here came the parting of the ways. These were golden years of the drama. The influence of Ibsen had been for seriousness, that of Shaw and Wilde for satire with an assumption of flippancy. Down to "The Sunken Bell" it was not impossible to discern in the work of Hauptmann a strong suggestion of Ibsen, for, barring the absolutely opposite method of treatment, "Brand" tells a story of aspiration not unlike that of Hauptmann's bell maker. But Hauptmann now stood upon his own feet, his ideas his own, his method his own. Beside his freedom of construction the Ibsen plays are formal and constrained; beside his sincerity of purpose and statement, the works of Shaw, Wilde, Pinero and Jones are flippant. Hauptmann did not toss light phrases here and there, nor people his dramas with intellectuals from whom such phrases might naturally be expected to flow. His characters lived, and did not orate. It is life that speaks through the Hauptmann mouthpieces, and not the virtuoso of language. Nor is this a disparagement of Shaw or Wilde, whose art many hold to be of a higher order, but simply the key to the difference in character. Until Galsworthy came, youngest of the British clan, and hardest of all to appraise, Hauptmann's influence was not apparent in England. In the last few years it has spread with amazing rapidity, however, and now we have an almost complete edition of Hauptmann's dramas in this country, only one or two volumes more being needed, a mass of material for everyone who has the least interest in the stage, as a student of its evolution, as an author, manager or playgoer.

Various of these plays have been dealt with in this department previously. The fifth volume will come from the press in a few days and will contain "And Pippa Dances," a legend of the glassworks, mostly in prose, "Charlemagne's Hostage," an historical drama in blank verse, and "Schluck and Jau" in a combination of prose and verse. These all belong to what may be called the middle period of "Henry of Aue" and "Rose Bernd." This is the period when Hauptmann seems ever to appreciate more the value of beauty of form and of language. His tragedy is no less inevitable, and his emotions no less human. But

with experience there has come to him a realization that the first business of art is to be beautiful. It may be an austere beauty, the awful loveliness of an horizon at sea, banked with masses of black clouds, that sweep onward relentlessly, but beauty it is, all the same. For example, "And Pippa Dances" could be a merely terrible tale of the adventures of a little group of persons in a storm-bound cabin, with nothing spiritual to relieve its pagan spirit. But, preventing this, Hauptmann introduces such passages as this, where the wonder-working Wann places a diminutive gondola in the hands of the adventurer Hellriegel and sends him away on a hypnotic voyage:

WANN

Now Michel journeys solitary o'er the clouds.
Silent the journey is, for in those regions high,
All sound has died away, resistance finds he none.
Where are you?

HELLRIEGEL

Grand do I ride through roseate morn!

WANN

What do you see there?

HELLRIEGEL

Oh, more wonders have I seen,
Than any human soul can ever comprehend,
And over hyacinthian seas I bend my flight!

WANN

But now your ship is dipping downward, is it not?

HELLRIEGEL

I do not know. The mountains only rise to meet
My eye and like gigantic towers looms the world

WANN

And now?

HELLRIEGEL

And now I soundlessly have sunk to earth
Where 'mong the gardens glides my bark full silently.

WANN

You call them gardens, that you see?

HELLRIEGEL

Yes, though of stone.

In lovely meadows blue are mirrored marble
flowers

And lofty pillars quiver white in emerald vales.

WANN

But pause, my boatman,—tell me now just where
you are!

HELLRIEGEL

On ships I set my foot, on carpets soft and fine,
A stately gallery of coral me receives!

And now I knock three times upon a golden gate!

WANN

And what upon the knocker are the words you
read?

HELLRIEGEL

Montes chrysocreas fecerunt nos dominos!

WANN

What happens when the sound of knocking dies
away?

[Michel Hellriegel does not answer but
rather begins to groan as if oppressed by
a nightmare.]

PIPPA

Wake him, oh wake him, do, you dear, you wise
old man!

WANN

[Taking the little boat from Michel's hands.]
Enough! To our secluded cabin come again
And to your exiled, snow-bound fellowmen return

And shake yourself, and send the golden travel-
hoard

Into our laps, for we are sadly languishing.

"Schluck and Jau," while it is regarded by most of the Hauptmann critics as among his least satisfying works, in many ways is as interesting reading as any. In the first place, it is almost his only attempt at humor, although the entire drama is not humorous. But here again is the spirit of beauty present, beginning with the prologue, spoken by a huntsmen, for this is a fantastic entertainment supposed to be given at a hunting feast:

The resonant barking of the brachs is dumb.
The red pack and the yellow pack together
With the white pack are resting in the kennels.
The dogs lie prone and dream, or else they lick
The fresh-sewn wounds which the young boar at bay

Gave them in struggling with his bloody tusks
We have slain deer and badger, fox and
Partridge and pheasant, and the field-fare hang
Corded in long rows in the cellar safe:
And Master Hare who never yet before
Traveled but upon level earth alone

Hangs from the watchman's windows in the
tower—

And no man knows how that he rose so high.
The hunt is over, the merry feast at end,
The last hallooing silent on the breeze,
And in the early dawning will this house
Stand void of guests. Deserted will it lie
And raise its solitary turrets red
Above the endless multitude of trees;
These rooms will silent be but for the roar
Of the great forest, or the owl's nightly hoot.
The buzzard's scream or rustle of many wings
Made by the ancient warder's whirring doves.
Thus, worthy huntsmen, lend a gracious ear
And eye to what this curtain will disclose.
Over it let your courteous vision glide,
Unless it rather seek the beaker's ground,
And take our sturdy piece to be no more
Than the free child of an untroubled mood.

"Free child of an untroubled mood"—what higher recommendation could there be than this, and the dramatic fancy bears it out. Like "Pippa" this is not a story to be told in any other way but that of the author. "Charlemagne's Hostage" is not a pleasant tale, and yet it too is touched by this same spirit of beauty which has been Hauptmann's endowment to his work of later years. It is rather in the spirit of an exact reversal of the theme of the magnificent "Henry of Aue." Charlemagne, upon the appeal of a certain young girl, a hostage for a Saxon dispute, gives her absolute freedom, and she develops degenerate tendencies, in which she is incorrigible. The aged king loves the girl, and permits the affairs of empire to go drifting while he wrestles with his problem. Finally, in his wrath at her betrayal of his magnanimity, he orders her back to her imprisonment in a convent, where she dies, and he is released, to return to his duties. In a passage of great power he bids farewell to the corpse of the unfortunate girl, himself deemed to action:

Mother, was Satan not

One of God's angels who aspired to be
Like God and fell and thus God thrust him forth!
O unimaginable fall of radiant
Armies to the abyss! Children of heaven
Made of its purest glory who were yet
Unsatisfied and whose great cry rang out,
Whose cry of love rose in the halls of heaven:
Help, Satan, help! We would be like to God!
See ye the dark defiance in her face?
God's might was shattered 'gainst his angel here,
And human might was shattered and mine own!
Now she is dumb, but in my dreams I saw
Her radiant body white, for what I spake
Never to her I say to you this hour:
I loved her.
God fills the universe with his great name:
But she is silent and no echo comes!
Ah, tell me what I know not, why the world
Did burst in two and the crack cleave my heart?
She stands today before her heavenly Judge!
What will he say, oh, what oppose unto
The proud and searching silence of her lips?
Will the great King ask her: Where is my ring?
And for her silence slay her, as I did,
Again, that she arise defiant more
Unto new passions and to torment old?
Pain was her portion here, both pain and pride,
As both are mine. And so—a long farewell!
Was she a flake of the infernal fire?
Then think, my lords, or seas of equal fire!
No wonder then that with a singed heart
The happy spirits to destruction crowd!

These plays do not in any way interfere with a previous statement to the effect that Hauptmann's "Henry of Aue" is the greatest drama since "Faust," but rather confirm that view. It is doubtful if he ever will reach again the heights of that magnificent epic, classic in beauty and form, and yet ultra-modern in spirit and idea. This, notwithstanding the fact that no less an authority than James Huneker, the great iconoclast, prefers "Rose Bernd," one of the lesser known prose dramas. With so massive a genius as this it is, perhaps, an unprofitable business to try to select one work as the greatest, for it is not a matter for the present generation to judge. In this country Hauptmann will not be staged until the theater-going public reaches a much higher plane of intelligence than at present, but, meanwhile, let us be thankful for this excellent, and virtually complete edition of his dramas. (Gerhart Hauptmann Dramatic Works. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. B. W. Huebsch. Five volumes now published, containing seventeen plays.)

Cheaters

THERE are three Forbes-Robertsons at the Majestic theater this week and next week still another will be added to the list. He who impersonated Shakespeare's melancholy Dane Monday night could not have been the same man who appeared Tuesday night as Kipling's three-sided artist, or the one who Wednesday night intoned Jerome's passer-by. The first was a master of classical interpretation, the second of no less complex modern moods, and the third of spirituality of expression through personality. "Hamlet," "The Light That Failed," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—and now we are to have Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." In what terms is one to discuss the art of a man who is capable

formed him that Hamlet was not mad, but was clever, and, like many another man whose mind is super-active, slow to act, since he sees further than others the burden that rests upon him; but his sympathy prevented the picture from becoming that of a mere detached schemer. There is nothing in the world so dreary as a blind reading of Hamlet's lines, without this comprehension, and to many it was as interesting as watching a hitherto unknown play to witness this unique performance. "The Light That Failed" is a drama of motives so complex as to demand the highest order of talent to make its development clear to an audience. Even so clever a woman as Olga Nethersole thought it was the wom-



SCENE IN "CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"—MAJESTIC NEXT WEEK

of presenting such a variety of impressions to a general audience with such broad, firm lines that the deepest subtleties are made plain to them who ordinarily look upon such studies as only for the inner circle. The essential thing is that this man knows, for only out of knowledge can come the masterpiece. The creative impulse, without this, gives us chaotic things—monstrous crudities such as cubism. Yet knowledge, of itself, is barren, and must be wedded to understanding—in other words, sympathy, for they who truly understand cannot but sympathize.

This, then, is the essential thing about Forbes-Robertson's art, that it combines the two elements without at least one of which there can be no art, and with both of which united in one artist greatness is achieved. So Forbes-Robertson's knowledge in-

an's drama, and starred herself as Maisie! It is unlikely she would have the temerity so to do after witnessing the Forbes-Robertson interpretation. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is well known—an arabesque of human beings silhouetted upon a background of eternal verity.

From the objective viewpoint, the thing which stands out most clearly in the memory, is the remarkable staging of these plays. We have been subjected in the past to the idea that Shakespeare must be given with full panoply of every sort of odds and ends that may be dragged out of old curiosity shops from world's end to world's end. Forbes-Robertson's "Hamlet" is a triumph of lighting. Indeed, without the remarkable manner in which the ghost scene was handled, it is questionable if even the star's genius could have established

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Wed. & Sat. Nights—"PASSING OF THIRD FLOOR BACK."
Thurs. Night & Sat. Mat.—"HAMLET."
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the crystallized idea. Throughout, the settings were austere; only in the orchard scene did the producer allow his fancy to soar a bit, and yet, even here the outward means were so simple that it was difficult to understand exactly why they seemed elaborate. The explanation must lie in the complexity of the emotions which this scene invariably arouses. The company contains one particularly striking figure, in addition to Forbes-Robertson himself—his leading woman, Laura Cowie, whose Ophelia is tender and beautiful, and tells all there is to know about the unhappy maid without having recourse to violent ravings. Her hands alone are entitled to more detailed admiration than can here be devoted to her entire three impersonations. Her Cleopatra should be a revelation. If you cannot decide what to give as a Christmas present, commit the social error of anticipating the festival, and send your friend to the Majestic next week.

R. B.

Orpheum Still Has Gertrude

Gertrude Hoffman and her Revue continues to be the headliner at the Orpheum this week. From rather a noisy, "raggy" start, the act improves as it progresses. Miss Hoffman's act does not need the little plea for commendation which is found in the program, for she wins many rounds of the warmest applause, evoked by her versatility. A little of the strenuous dancing of Miss Hoffman might help to reduce Eunice Burnham, "that robust girl," who, with Charles Irwin is decidedly entertaining. Hers is the piano part of the sketch and the way she carries her plumpness should be an inspiration to all perfect forty-fours. The Scotch dialect of Mr. Irwin is good and his intoxicating condition proves him to be a gentleman in his cups, while his r's roll so deliciously that he fails to be repulsive. Swor and Mack are old favorites and have added new bits of humor since their last appearance here. Their negro phrases and funny stories keep the audience in an uproar, while their dancing is a scream. A funny pair are Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis. We need more Tonys to save us from their commonplaces. Ann Tasker takes the part of Daisy Dean, an actress in her sketch, "Taming a Tarter." She is a singer also, for she "does" a song so full of trills and overtones the stern parents' dislike of having an actress for a daughter-in-law by making the old codger live over again the episode of his elopement with his young sweetheart. Jack and Faris, the jolly Frenchmen, do a novelty tumbling act, in which a lighted cigar plays a bright third. The way they get mixed up and then disentangle with the cigar always on top is a clever stunt.

Wright Play at Mason

At the Mason Opera House next week the attraction will be "The Shepherd of the Hills," Harold Bell Wright's dramatization of his own novel of the same name. Its principal characters are the shepherd who came to the hills to learn and remained to teach; Old Matt who cherished the memory of a wrong that could not be righted; Young Matt, a Hercules of the hills in heart, soul and body; and there are many other quaint Ozark types.

Forbes-Robertson's Second Week

Following will be the repertoire for the second week of the engagement of Forbes-Robertson at the Majestic: Monday night, Tuesday night, Wednesday matinee, "Caesar and Cleopatra"; Wednesday and Saturday nights, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Thursday night and Saturday matinee, "Hamlet"; Friday night, "The Light That Failed." The performances of the Shaw version of the

relations between the great Caesar and the Egyptian sorceress will be the first ever seen here, Forbes-Robertson playing Caesar, and Laura Cowie Cleopatra.

Kolb and Dill at Morosco

Kolb and Dill, the long and short of it, will be at the Morosco theater next week, for one week only, in their big musical comedy success, "The Girl in the Train." It is a long time since these popular laugh-makers have been seen here, and the character of their welcome cannot be doubted. "The Girl in the Train" offers full scope for their talents, and introduces catchy music with many novel chorus effects.

Tarkington Play at Burbank

Booth Tarkington's best play, "The Man From Home," in which William Hodge starred for several seasons, will be the offering of the Burbank stock company for the week beginning Sunday matinee. This play is replete with quaint philosophy, and is one of the finest examples of the native American drama. The Burbank company is ideally equipped for the impersonation of the varied characters.

Variety at the Orpheum

Will Oakland, known principally through his phonograph records, will appear in person as the headliner of the Orpheum bill for the week beginning with the matinee Monday; he has an act called "At the Club" which gives him scope for his unique talents. Other entertainers will be as follows: Elphye Snowden and Walter Ross in "Dances of the Hour"; the Travilla Brothers, from Catalina, with their pet seal, in a diving act, Sascha Piatov and Kitty Glaser, Russian dancers; Hubert Dyer and Peter Alvin, comedy on the flying rings; John Geiger with his talking violin; Evelyn Warren & Co. in "The Last Trick," a story of the underworld; Hunting and Francis in "A Love Lozenge"; Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin in piano and song stunt; orchestral concert and Pathe twice-a-week news views.

Georgia Magnet at Pantages

Annie Abbott, known for years as "the little Georgia magnet," will headline the Pantages bill for the week beginning Monday afternoon, and will demonstrate the superhuman strength which no person yet has been able satisfactorily to explain. Other acts will be as follows: Walter Terry, the "jovial missionary" and his ten Fiji girls in a musical comedy sketch; Five Mowatts in lightning club juggling; Two Kerns, "rube" acrobats; La Touraine Four, a quartette with popular melodies; Dick Gardner and Anna Revere in a new act.

Great Drama in Film

For one week beginning Monday, Miller's Theater offers Henri Bernstein's greatest play, "The Thief," in five reels of motion pictures. Dorothy Donnelly portrays the leading role. Her work as the original "Madame X" gave her first place among emotional actresses and in the present play she has surpassed all her previous efforts. Richard Buhler and an all star cast has been assembled in her support.

Levy Orchestra Starred

One of the unique events of the Children's Hospital benefit at the Morosco Theater last week, was the starring of the orchestra from Levy's Cafe Friday evening. This organization has now worked into excellent form, and its music is of a lively and entertaining order, with an extensive repertoire. The orchestra was seated on the stage, and only the necessity for resuming the regular performance brought its portion of the program to a conclusion.

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ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN SAID COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF SAID SUPERIOR COURT.

B 18417—Department 13
C. E. Newlee, Plaintiff vs. Nellie May Newlee, Defendant.
The People of the State of California send Greetings to: Nellie May Newlee, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of November A. D., 1914.
(Superior Court Seal)

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By F. J. ADAMS, Deputy Clerk.
RALPH A. CHASE,
403 H. W. Hellman Building,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK REVIEW SECTION

YEAR'S TEN BEST BOOKS

- Fiction—"The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." (H. G. Wells.)
 Public Affairs—"Drift and Mastery." (Walter Lippmann.)
 Foreign Affairs—"Insurgent Mexico." (John Reed.)
 Travel—"Japan Today and Tomorrow." (H. W. Mabie.)
 Poetry—"Earth Triumphant." (Conrad Aiken.)
 Gift Books—"East of the Sun and West of the Moon." (Doran Edition.)
 Criticism—"The Enchantment of Art." (Duncan Phillips.)
 Drama—"Hauptmann's Works." (Heubsch Edition.)
 Ethics—"Bahaim; The New Social Religion." (Horace Holley.)
 Mythology—"The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed." (Cenydd Morus.)

SELDOM has a Christmas season brought to the book buyer so alluring an array of literature as that which the publishers offer this year. There is scarcely one of the favorite authors not represented by a book at least the equal of former efforts. The events of the last year, even before the breaking out of the European war, have been such as to stimulate the imagination of the poet and the romancer, and to bring to bear upon social, religious and political problems the keenest intelligence of the English and American writers. To Walter Lippmann, a young American, must be awarded the literary honors of the year for his intensely interesting analytical view of conditions in this country, "Drift and Mastery," which already has been recognized by leading educators, and named as compulsory reading in advanced university courses. More popular because of its wider appeal, will be H. G. Wells' novel, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," which was reviewed at length in last week's issue of The Graphic. A book the title of which will appeal only to a limited circle, is Duncan Phillips' "The Enchantment of Art," a record of the impressions made upon a mind as sensitive as a photographer's plate by the contemplation of works of art and classic writing. For persons who desire to make presents of beautifully illustrated and printed books, there is, among the Doran company's customary output of this sort, an especially splendid volume, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," a series of northern myths with colored plates exquisitely done from highly original conceptions. John Reed's "Insurgent Mexico" is partially known from its magazine publication; it gives a keen view of the problems besetting the southern neighbor. Hamilton Wright Mabie in "Japan Today and Tomorrow," apparently, has come closer to the Japanese in a sympathetic way, than any other visitor to that empire. There are many volumes of poetry, an interesting phenomenon of this season, Conrad Aiken's "Earth Triumphant" being given first place not only because of its excellence, but because it voices the spirit of the new world in sonorous tones. Hauptmann's dramatic works easily tower above those of any other dramatist of today, and the Heubsch edition, now nearing completion in uniform volumes, will interest the steadily increasing circle

of play students. Horace Holley's work on "Bahaim" is a new view of the possible religious evolution of the coming years. Last, but not least, of the works we have arbitrarily selected as deserving of first mention, is "The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed," a collection of Welsh mythological lore, in which the poetical instincts of the author, Cenydd Morus, are shown not only in his excellent prose, but in interpolated lyrics throughout the book. For want of classification one of the most entrancing of all publications of the season has not been included in the categorical list, the completed twenty-volume set of The Bibelot, that mine of exquisite gems of classic prose and poetry. So much for generalizations. For details we can only refer to the reviews which follow, in the compilation of which

of which goes to prove that the Baroness Orzcy's latest creation, "The Laughing Cavalier" will be welcomed by a host of admirers who would be afraid to pass a night in the same township with such a character in real life.

This "Laughing Cavalier," Diogenes, as he chooses to be called, belongs to that class of knights of the sword that formerly swarmed over Europe, ready to sell their swords and skins to the highest bidder, eager to fight in any quarrel, prepared to perform any deed of devilment, willing to do anything but remain at home and behave like law-abiding citizens; a class which made possible the ceaseless broils and tumults of those troubled days as it also made possible the vast mass of fiction that has since been written heroizing the breed.

seem that they benefit the reader only in affording pastime for an hour of rest, but, as a matter of fact, there is no better way to gain an insight into the lives of the peoples of past ages than by the reading of such books, provided the author is true to facts and, more important still, to the racial characteristics, the customs and habits of thought of the time and place. And "The Laughing Cavalier" is true to life. As we read the pages we see the rich, substantial towns of Holland, the phlegmatic, thrifty burghers, more concerned with their beloved tulips than with affairs of state, the wandering adventurers (highway robbers we would call them now) seeking ever for strife, we sniff the chill fogs rising from the streams and canals; we appreciate the terrors of religious persecution. And so, though "The Laughing Cavalier" is written primarily to amuse, it serves a more important purpose in making us appreciate the atmosphere of past times as we could not do by reading whole libraries of histories. ("The Laughing Cavalier" by Baroness Orzcy George H. Doran Co.) J. G. R.

Keep It Away From the Children

Not because its characters are a trifle unconventional in the matter of sex relationships (for to bar it on that account would be to exclude a great deal of the best of the modern fiction and drama) but because even as there are so few artists capable of expressing themselves in satire, so there are few capable of appreciating it, Anatole France's latest book, "The Revolt of the Angels," should be kept away from the children. Not merely from those of tender years, but even more so from those of tender minds and unformed souls. With such keen, double-edged incisiveness does France's humor bite into both ecclesiasticism and scientific religion, that unless the reader goes to it with a solid grip on his own beliefs, he will come away from it either in a mental turmoil or throw it down in disgust before he is half way through. On this hypothesis is it built: Each human being has a guardian angel. Arcade, the guardian of Maurice d'Esparvieu, takes advantage of the magnificent library of his charge's father, to study religion and science, and finally becomes convinced of the injustice of the rule of God. He embodies himself, and appears before Maurice, explaining that he, with other angels who have come to similar conclusions and are likewise now in mortal form, are about to organize a revolt against the Most High, under the leadership of Lucifer. The organization of the siege of heaven, and how it came never to be attempted, are the substantial part of the story, but between the lines it is entirely a review of the incessant struggle between science and the spirit world. But that is only the serious part of the book. The curious admixture of the human and supernatural in the persons of these angels brings all sorts of surprises at the least expected moments. Imagine, for instance, the guardian angel, Arcade, falling in love with the innamorata of his principal, Maurice, whereupon angel and man fight a duel, the man, naturally, being overcome, though not dangerously hurt. And it is all told in the inimitable style of France, who will lead you on to thinking he is becoming unduly serious or sentimental and then turn it off with a laugh, in such speeches as this: "Love seems to dissolve my bones; it makes me soft and melting as a pig's foot a la Ste. Menébould." But by all means, keep this book away from the children. ("The



SCENE FROM KOLB'S GRAND CANYON ADVENTURES

The Graphic has sought to be fair at all times, not only to the authors and their publishers, but to those of its readers who look to it for literary guidance.

Fiction

Romance From Holland

If D'Artagnan and his cut-throat crew were suddenly to appear in flesh and blood isn't it true that you would send a hurry call for the police and would not feel comfortable until certain that those daring trouble-makers were driven out of town? Yet these same Musketeers, being safely enclosed in the printed page, delight you with their pranks, fights and generally disreputable procedure. All

And this Diogenes is a fine representative of his type, so big and strong and handsome, so gallant, always with a smile upon his lips no matter into what difficulty he may run his head.

This ancestor of and successor to "The Scarlet Pimpernel," that most famous of the Baroness' characters, fights his way to fortune and the hand of the woman he loves in those days of the third decade of the seventeenth century which were so gloomy for the Netherlands; days in which the ever-imminent peril of Spain was increased by domestic strife and conflict, times of religious oppression by the now supreme Protestants, times when the wealthy burghers were eager for peace, but found its realization almost impossible.

At first glance such books as "The Laughing Cavalier" appear to be for amusement purposes only; it would

Revolt of the Angels." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfred Jackson. John Lane Co.)

Another Warner Rejuvenation

Anne Warner is a specialist on rejuvenations. What she did to the old familiar Aunt Mary so hilariously, she has now done in a different way to "The Gay and Festive Claverhouse." This is not he who spake to the lords of the convention concerning the number of pates which would be shattered ere the king's crown should fall, but a modern youth, twice removed from an earldom. Claverhouse is beloved by a maid of high degree, who has declared herself on the subject, not once, but oft, despite the fact that everyone wants her to marry the cousin of Claverhouse, who is not in the least gay and festive, but is only once removed from the earldom, the incumbent of which is on his last legs, and those not particularly robust ones. Claverhouse wakes one morning with a headache and sends for the family doctor, who makes a thorough job of him and gives him six months, at most, to live. The sick man decides it is his duty in what remains of his life to alienate the affections of the maid of high degree from himself and deflect them to his healthy cousin. So he gets himself invited to the country residence of the maiden and gives free rein to his gay and festive nature. Instead of alienating the affections of the damsel, of course, he merely makes her sad, and she hies her to a nunnery. But to go on would be to betray the clever secret of Miss Warner's sprightly yarn, which she tells in her gayest style. Claverhouse is a nimble scamp, and is to be congratulated upon the ability of his creator to get his death sentence revoked. ("The Gay and Festive Claverhouse." By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co.)

One of the Greatest of Novels

"Crime and Punishment" is not a new novel, by any means. It is one of the world's masterpieces of fiction, and its author, Feodor Dostoevsky, has been dead thirty-three years. The novel, in fact, was written about the time of the American civil war, and has been available in more or less satisfactory English translations for many years. The Macmillan Company, however, has undertaken the production of a complete edition of the works of this great leader of Russian literature, and "Crime and Punishment," translated by Constance Garnett, is the latest addition to the series. A young student in St. Petersburg, without funds and driven to desperation, after pawning all his valuables with an old woman money-lender, conceives the idea of killing this woman and robbing her of a large sum for the relief of himself, and his mother and sister. At first, he thinks of the idea simply as a novelist might of a plot for a story, and turns the details over in his mind, dovetailing them together. He is not a vicious youth, however, and crime comes hard to him. At last, impelled by bad news from his mother, he almost mechanically commits the crime in the manner he had figured it out, excepting that, as he is looting the place, the woman's sister comes in, and he kills her too. He is so unnerved by his actions that he obtains almost nothing of value. Then the punishment begins. It is not remorse, that furnishes the punishment of this murderer, but the strain upon his mind in endeavoring to decide how he would be expected to act if innocent, even before there is any possibility of his being suspected. Certain of his actions, however, come to the attention of a police investigator, and the battle of wits is on. This detective is no Sherlock Holmes or other paper sleuth, but simply a man with knowl-

edge of character and a long scent. The manner in which the murderer, who is much the superior, mentally, of the detective, betrays himself through this selfsame close analysis of what should be his course, until he can no longer stand the strain, and confesses, is one of the finest studies in all fiction. Translations from the Russian are uniformly unsatisfactory. They lack ease and fluency, possibly because of inherent difficulties in the physical side of the work. An instance of the difficulties faced by the translator is shown by the fact that in few cases are the authors' names spelled in the same way by different writers. We have Dostoevsky, Dostoieffsky, and Dostoyevsky, Chekhov and Tchekhov, Turgenev and Turgeneff, and so on. This book, however, is in remarkably free style, compared with others from this involved tongue. ("Crime and Punishment." By Feodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company.)

Love Tales of Old California

Percival J. Cooney, author of "The Dons of the Old Pueblo," is a resident of Los Angeles, connected with



Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon)

the public schools. He writes with an easy pen and with thorough sympathy. As frontispiece there is a sketch map, entitled "The land of the Dons and the places mentioned in the story," which prepares the reader for the realistic touch present throughout the book. The imaginative association with the past, such as is provided to the youth of other countries by historic castles and other memorials, is an element regrettably absent in the education of many young Americans, and can, in most cases, only be furnished by travel. Here in Southern California, happily, a romantic past which lasted till the middle of last century makes the landscape full of a warm human interest. Young people may enliven their Saturday and holiday expeditions with talks of the days of Flores and the Picos, and Fremont and Kearney in spots permanently associated with their deeds. Mr. Cooney's book fills a needed place in our local literature, by giving Los Angeles and its neighborhood something of the charm which Walter Scott threw around Stirling and Kenilworth. His modest preface, with its closing genial refer-

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ence to the Latin races, from whom the "Anglo-Celt may learn much of kindness of heart and speech, of poised dignity, of the graceful, gentler art of living" is in excellent taste. ("The Dons of the Old Pueblo: A Love Tale of Old California." By Percival J. Cooney. Rand, McNally & Co.)

Blythe's "The Fakers"

T. Marmaduke Hicks of the unshorn forelock and the flowing tie, incidentally of Salestown; T. Marmaduke the bucolic aspirant to political honors, as sketched in Mr. Blythe's "Fakers," describes himself pretty well in this little speech: "I have a deep, passionate interest in politics. . . I am for the plain people, unalterably for the masses as against the corrupt classes. . . I shall ask the senate to turn its face toward the morning; shall explain my own honesty of purpose and purity of motive; ask them to release us the common people, from the fell clutches of the money demon. . . to give us the right to live and enjoy the advantage of our country so liberally bestowed on us by a munificent nature and so greedily usurped by cunning and unscrupulous and criminal millionaires."

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? The author calls this kind of speech, "bunk." T. Marmaduke, beating his big political drum lustily, knows that it is bunk, but will not acknowledge it. There he differs from his political backer, Senator William H. Paxton, who, "while he was as bogus as the rest of them, so far as the general good was concerned, had the redeeming quality of knowing himself, exactly how bogus he was and not assuming virtue. He had a sense of perspective, a sense of humor and a full working knowledge of all the

weaknesses, follies, ill-considered sentiment and lack of knowledge among the populace."

Mr. Blythe is to be congratulated again. He has given us a political romance that doesn't slop over. As a vivisectionist of the body politic, he does clean work. Almost every chapter furnishes opportunity for coarseness, vulgarity, melodrama and sentimentalism. The author, so familiar with "bunk" of every description, advances none of his own theories, makes no poses, and so avoids the commonplace in this kind of story. He lays bare the real motives that inspire so many politicians, allowing his own attitude toward chicanery and hypocrisy to show between the lines rather than in them. "The Fakers" ought to go well on the stage, although the "dear pee-pul" as Senator Paxton calls them, seem to want a little more of that same "bunk" which Mr. Blythe is in no way disposed to give them. ("The Fakers." By Samuel G. Blythe. George H. Doran Co.)

Christmas Story for Girls

It is natural, in a Virginia story, to expect to read of fair women and gallant men, because romancers revel in planters and colonels and generals—men of wealth and leisure; while in a New England story, where there was no aristocracy, the marked feature must of necessity treat of common folk. "Betty's Virginia Christmas," is no exception. It is a story of parties, dancing, eating, love-making and Christmas joy and happiness generally, with one little shadow, when the lovers have their misunderstanding. Colonel Beverly, Betty's grandfather, has been obliged to sell Rosehill plantation and mansion, and remove to Holly Lodge, much smaller and with but one old horse

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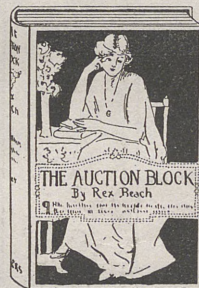
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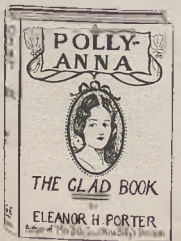
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and carryall, but "everybody knows we are Beverleys of Rosehill, and the Rosehill Beverleys can do as they please about carriages and clothes." Rosehill was bought by a Northerner, Mr. Fortescue, whose son, Lieutenant John Hope Fortescue, falls desperately in love with Betty, who is the belle of every ball, and eventually becomes mistress of Rosehill again. There are four five colored illustrations and a number of black and white decorations. By a queer caprice these black and white pictures are repeated many times, not only as chapter headings and tail pieces, but throughout the story. For instance, when Betty goes to her room, there appear the furnishings of her boudoir; when fox-hunting is mentioned, the hounds are always depicted; when Rosehill is named, the mansion reappears. It is, nevertheless a capital Christmas story for girls. (Betty's Virginia Christmas," by Molly Elliot Seawall, J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Comedy Out of Germany

From the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" comes another of those delightful comedy books having to do with the adventures in Germany of an Englishwoman who married a solid Teuton. To the outsider the ceremonials of the ordinary German household—not the house of the aristocrat, or the social leader, but just that of the common, well-to-do folk—are as strange and foreign as those of the Fiji islander of a half a century ago. There are certain places one may sit as there are durations for social calls; there are certain things to eat and places to eat them, and other established rules ironclad and all important. The unassuming young daughter of an English bishop becomes almost inadvertently the wife of a German pastor in a remote corner of East Prussia, and her troubles begin. From the matter of the visits of her mother-in-law to that of bearing children, she blunders along, and her life swings back and forth from comedy to tragedy, she herself being such a wisp of a creature that any efforts she may put forth have practically no effect. So she accepts it as inevitable, as she has been taught from birth by her father, the ponderous prelate, that she must accept whatever standards are set for her, and get the hang of them as fast as possible. In style, this story is not greatly different from its predecessors from the pen of this writer, now known to be the lately widowed Countess Arnim. But there is a tragic note that is missing in most of the other stories of Anglo-German social misunderstandings, for, finally, the wisp of a wife believes she can endure her life no longer, and decides to break away. Not even this is almost as inadvertent as her marriage, for the spirit of comedy hovers over even the great crises of the life of this strangely winsome little woman, and it all comes out all right after all. There is no talisman against evil so potent as the sense of humor, and it is this which guards the women of Baroness Von Hutton's stories against the harms with which they are surrounded in their hostile new homes. ("The Pastor's Wife." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Story in Lyric Vein

Meredith Nicholson is one of the most polished of the American fiction writers, and he has excelled himself in "The Poet." This is a slender bit of a lyric tale of how a poet—you can see James Whitcomb Riley in his every word and suggestion—insisted that romance was not dead, and succeeded in retuning certain lives in harmony with his theory. His quaint proposition, or excuse for interfering in the affairs of these other people

was that they were endangering his standing as a poet. He had devoted his life to writing poetry of romance and love, and here were his friends making out that what he said was not so. "I'm not going to have it said," he demurs, "that the gulf is so widening between poetry and life that another generation will be asking what our rhymed patter was all about—not without a protest." So he interferes, delicately and with infinite tact and circumlocution does he interfere, and to much purpose. But this is a story that is all style, character and attitude, and practically no plot. If you are not prepared to open your heart to a poet, and become as a little child, this is no book for you. There are birdsongs in it, and the shine of water in a little toy lake, with children playing on the shores; there is love and springtime in it and the sudden leap of the pulse at the recollection of a moment of exquisite joy forgotten years ago; there is joy in it,

fort. Ef yo soofer enoof mebbe it'll coom t' yo again. Ef yo're snoog and 'appy, sure's death it'll goa." He paused. "It 'assn't coom t' mae sence I married Ally."

Thus does Gwenda, second of the three sisters, come to a realization that always she will glimpse visions of transcendent beauty through all the remainder of her life, at the cost of a shuddering existence. It may be a pleasant thought for those foredoomed to tragic lives, that through their sorrows will come revelations denied to the more fortunate children of men, but it is a philosophy to which it will be difficult to get the majority of the world to subscribe; for the pursuit of truth and beauty is, to many, scarcely second even to the pursuit of happiness, and, in fact, the two frequently are so closely intertwined that they cannot be distinguished from each other. Without entering further into a discussion of the phil-

after all, marries the doctor. Then comes disintegration, and the pessimistic reflection of Jim Greatorex, husband of Ally after much storm and stress, as recorded in the conversation quoted. And the fates of the various characters in the story are consistent with this view. The story is written with power and conviction, a splendid piece of craftsmanship, but it cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be regarded as anything but tragic and pessimistic. ("The Three Sisters." By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company.)

"Ward of Tecumseh"

Here is a good Indian tale—with "Injuns," fighting, blood galore, fair maiden and young hero—all the concomitants of one of Beadle's famous dime novels, so dear to the hearts of our boyhood, and will be read with just as much avidity today. It is issued in more substantial book form, however, and with several good pictures. The time is of that doughty old warrior, Tecumseh, and the war of 1812. The Fort Dearborn massacre, surrender of Detroit and other historic incidents are woven into the story with more or less accuracy. That notorious renegade white, Simon Girty, with the rag around his head as depicted in Harper's half a century ago, also figures in the romance. Before the outbreak of the war Tecumseh brings word to the Telfairs of Alabama that a distant member of their family has grown up in his wigwam, and if they do not take her away the English branch of the family will claim her, as she has inherited title and property in France. Young Jack is delegated by his father to go up to Ohio and bring her back. Meantime, war breaks out and the Sherman to pay, as the red men say themselves with the British. Jack passes through the usual number of adventures before he finally carries her off as his wife. Disappointment will be experienced by the reader because in no place will he find the word "redskin" used, nor "the crackling of a twig" or "the rustle of a leaf," but the "redcoats" and "note of the whippoorwill" are there all right. No one is burned at the stake or runs the gauntlet, however. In those days the savages kept rather poor guard, as Jack, in his quest, walks into their villages without being challenged. He finally "meets up" with the British member of the family, who also is trying to secure possession of the girl for her property. A duel ensues which ends the way he hoped and away they go to Al-a-ham-a (meaning "Here we rest.") At times, the author gets the Ojibway of Hiawatha, curiously mixed with his Shawnee, but why carp? ("The Ward of Tecumseh." By Crittenden Marriott. J. B. Lippincott Co.)



MARIE CORELLI, AUTHOR OF "INNOCENT"

and so there are a few tears. It is a book to read in the garden, bareheaded and bare-souled to nature. It is a beautiful little book. ("The Poet." By Meredith Nicholson. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Does Marriage Kill Romance?

May Sinclair's new book, "The Three Sisters," is pure, unadulterated pessimism, without any artificial coloring of romance or flavoring of fantastic symbolism. Here is the point to which the story leads—a dozen lines of perfect word-etching:

"I know what yo mane about those thorn-trees. 'Tisn' no earthly beauty what yo see in 'em."

"Jim," she said, "shall I always see it?"

"I dawn—knew. It cooms and it goas, doos sech-like."

"What makes it come?"

"What maakes it coom? Yo know better than I can tell yo."

"If I only did know. I'm afraid it's going."

"I can tell yo this for your coom-

osophy of this book, let us take a brief glance at its physical side.

James Carteret, Vicar of Garth, has three daughters. The youngest, Ally, has committed the unpardonable offence of openly pursuing a man, and so the Vicar has ostracized himself and his family, and gone into retirement in the deadly dull village of Garth. There is but one eligible man in the vicinity, Dr. Rowcliffe, and the three sisters being aged from twenty-seven down to twenty-two, each is desirous of achieving matrimony. The three of them set out to capture the doctor. The situation admits anything from farce to tragedy. There is hardly a smile in Miss Sinclair's book. Gwenda is the wisest of them as to the way to win such a man, but, when she has practically succeeded, she retires from the field to save, as she believes, the life of her younger sister, who appears to be dying slowly through sheer necessity for marriage. The coast is clear for Ally, but for her the way is closed in another manner, and so the elder sister,

"Valley of a Thousand Hills"

South African stories of Miss Mills Young are not so well known to American as to English readers; indeed, the American novel reader is kept too busily occupied with home-made products to discover the imported. It is for that reason that only the giants of English fiction are much heard of on this side the water. Though Miss Mills Young will not rank with the greatest, her new novel "The Valley of a Thousand Hills" will lead many to a perusal of more of her numerous books. She writes of Africa as one who knows the country, and who loves the vast expanses of its veldt. Her description is vivid and full of feeling, and sets off well the romantic tales she tells. This story is of an Englishman in ill luck who goes to Africa to work; so many Englishmen find it necessary to exile themselves when they wish to work. There he becomes a plantation manager and falls in love with a

beautiful Boer girl. His rival is the young cub of the owner of the plantation, and is shown invariably in a bad light; and as in romances he is nearly successful. The hero by some judicious tale-bearing turns the beautiful girl from her false suitor, and eventually wins her for himself. This is not important or unusual; what is interesting is the true womanliness of the Boer girl throughout the machinations of the plot-maker. Alieta is a charming character, wise, strong and full of spirit. Alieta and her Dutch household, and the glimpse of the lives and characteristics of the natives and aborigines, and the ideas and attitudes of the exiled English; these are what furnish the real interest to the book. ("The Valley of a Thousand Hills," By F. E. Mills Young. The John Lane Co.)

Marie Corelli's Latest Novel

"Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact" is the rather cryptic title of Marie Corelli's latest novel. From the viewpoint of pure fiction this is one of the best stories this talented Englishwoman has yet written. It goes back to her "Thelma" period, casting aside all supernatural manifestations, divine interpositions, and tractarian tendencies of "A Romance of Two Worlds," "The Sorrows of Satan" and "The Master Christian." It is a simply-told story of a young girl who has established a certain ideal and encounters tragedy in discovering that the man in whom she believed those ideals were embodied had merely been entertaining himself with her—a new sensation in his chain of romances. The only trace of the former Corelli in the story is an abounding reliance upon fate as the deus ex machina of fiction. Such faith is a convenient thing for the novelist who has trouble with plots, and never has there been found such profuse employment of the expedient.

Innocent is the name of a girl. She was left mysteriously at the home of Farmer Hugo Jocelyn eighteen years before the story opens, her parentage unknown to all. Jocelyn is the last of a long line dating back to Elizabeth, when the Sieur Amadis de Jocelin had come from France and married an Englishwoman. Innocent becomes interested in the founder of the house and her life is passed reveling in the chivalry of the Jocelyn archives. At last, old Hugo tells her of her origin, and dies. She refuses to be dependent upon the fine young fellow who inherits the estate, who wants to marry her, and packs off to London, having a little money and a belief that she can market her writings, founded on the chivalric themes. Here is where fate is introduced. An elderly man on the train lends her a newspaper. She looks for advertisements of lodgings, and the first she encounters proves to be exactly the one she wants, and her landlady an old, rejected sweetheart of her father, though she does not learn this until later. Also the man on the train was an old friend of her father, and thought he recognized the Armistage eyes. Before leaving the farm Innocent received a call from an extremely haughty and repellent woman, Lady Blythe, who says she is Innocent's mother, explains the unfortunate incident of her birth and parentage, and offers to adopt, but not acknowledge her. Innocent rejects the plan, but in London meets Lord Blythe, who, it is learned later, was another old friend of her father, and who becomes deeply interested in the girl.

Then in comes tireless fate. The direct descendant of the brother of the Jocelyn who founded the English line, is a successful artist. Innocent's book becomes the sensation of the hour, and she meets this other Jocelyn. The name is hypnotic, and the owner of it, veteran of a hundred *affaires du coeur*, finds her just what he wants for his latest inspiration. He

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makes love, she responds, all in proper form, however, though secretly, and then he tires. Meanwhile, fate keeps working. Lady Blythe, for reasons which do not seem sufficient, confesses to her husband the episode of her girlhood. It is not in her character to soften, and stake so much upon something she could as well have continued to conceal. Her husband refuses to live with her after learning the truth. Worried, she takes a drug to induce sleep and dies from an overdose. Lord Blythe goes abroad, with fate as his companion, and discovers Innocent's father, believed to have been dead long ago. With an artist less consummately skilled in weaving her incidents into a homogeneous whole, with direct bearing upon the motive, this would become rather monotonous. Still, there is charm in the story, and the tragic ending, resulting in the death of Innocent without meeting her father, is a fine example of that fidelity to the theme which conscientious story-tellers of today have substituted for the ancient slavery to tinsel romance. ("Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact." By Marie Corelli. George H. Doran Co.)

"Death of a Nobody"

Among the literary curiosities of the year, "The Death of a Nobody" must be given a prominent place. This book could have been conceived by none but a Frenchman, and is translated from the original of Jules Romains by Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow, who have done their work faithfully, so far as one may guess. Briefly, the plan of the book is the postmortem influence of a man who had no influence while living. There is first a sketch showing how little his life touched upon that of the persons who lived in the same building. So far as a human being can be a nonentity—a nobody—Jacques Godard was simply that. Then, suddenly, he died, alone in his flat, his brief illness unknown to his neighbors, or to his aged parents in the country. His body is discovered by the porter, and immediately, Godard, who had been a negligible atom, begins to be a motive force in many lives, far removed from each other. The consciousness of the presence of a corpse in the house makes the other dwellers therein a community instead of a large number of isolated beings. Women leave their doors ajar to gossip, two little girls are sent around with a sheet of paper, to get subscriptions for a wreath, there are funeral arrangements to be discussed and many other things upon which the lodgers enjoy comparing notes. Then, out in the country, the circle of influence of the dead man widens. There is a thrill set pulsing through the small village—"Did you know that old Godard's son is dead?" So the sphere of activity widens, and Godard's spirit restlessly energizes men and women. It is not an occult or spiritualistic activity, but the simple workings of incident and natural sequence. It is not that the author tries to convey the impression of a disembodied soul, consciously moving among these people. It is more subtle even than that. It is as if the thing that was Godard, his essential ego, began to mean something only when it had physically ceased to be. In their preface the translators profess to find in this book a trace of the philosophy of Bergson. This is unfair to its author. Mr. Romains has a quite definable theory here, whereas Bergson does not pretend to be able to crystallize his theories into specific form. Where Bergson is abstruse and elusive, "The Death of a Nobody" is simple and clear cut. The remarkable thing about the book is that the author has found so simple a form for such a remarkable psychological idea. It is a book that should remain long in literature as

one of the greatest of curiosities, though it is unlikely that as a theory of the universe it will attract a large following. ("The Death of a Nobody." By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow. B. W. Huebsch.)

Ralph Connor's Annual Story

Ralph Connor can always be relied upon about Christmas time, to produce a novel. The publisher who gets his contract is fortunate, because from the Great Lakes to the Pacific and from the Forty-ninth parallel to the North Pole, there is no man quite so popular with Canadians as Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church in Winnipeg, who writes under this name. Mr. Gordon began by writing little sketches of virile, daring missionaries in the western Canadian fields, and since then, little by little, has been adding a little more story and taking out a little more religion in each successive book, until his 1914 offering, "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," contains not the first suggestion of its ecclesiastical source. Mr. Gordon's fiction brother, Cyrus Townsend Brady, anticipated him by a few weeks in this matter, by writing

and you almost expect to see the words, "God bless them" parenthesized. The adventures come thick and fast, and the story races from start to finish, without a prayer meeting or a minister, or even a "lay preacher" in the entire book. The white men do not labor with the warring Indians for their souls' good, but with gun and horse ride them down at their own game. Now Mr. Gordon lacks that graphic quality that is to be found in "Pierre and His People," the Gilbert Parker book of the early northwest, but aside from style, and merely for facts, as between Parker and Gordon, the latter is the more reliable.

It is the time of the Riel rebellion with which this story deals, and there is nothing in it which is not historically correct. That ambitious endeavor of the half-breed Louis Reil, to establish a republic or something of the sort, in the Northwest, through an alliance of the half-breeds and Indians, was a much better organized war than any that the United States authorities were called upon to face in the frontier days, though it may have lacked something of the ferocity of the various struggles south of the border. Reil, however, was a man of ability, with just enough white blood

breadth escapes. Historical events of the time and locality lend verisimilitude to the narrative. According to the story Lawrence and his lieutenants certainly commanded a wonderful troop of cavalry, for they are invariably successful over any number of Confederate regulars or guerrillas, killing enough the first fire to even up the force, and in hand-to-hand encounters they are invincible. The title refers to Gen. Price's final effort to capture St. Louis and Kansas City, and his last raid through Southern Missouri. The tale also enlightens the young student of history in the workings of that copperhead order of American Knights. It, however, is in poor taste to play up certain real generals as such failures, merely because history does not accord them much credit. All officers at times make grave mistakes, and old scores are fought out in this volume, and all of their love affairs are brought to a fitting climax; but Lawrence has two, and seems to be in the position of "How happy I'd be with either were t'other dear charmer away." If one stickles for correctness he could wish the proof-reading were a little more carefully done. ("The Last Raid." By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Neighborhood Stories"

Zona Gale struck her success with stories of Friendship Village, and continues the vein in the new volume of "Neighborhood Stories." She has pre-eminently the gift of characterization, and her simple, narrow, struggling village people live in her pages as really as in any backwater of American life. As the birdman remarked when he alighted near Friendship Village, "There are more folks living in the little towns of the United States than in the big cities of it." A profound observation, and one that explains the popularity of Zona Gale, for who is there who has not lived in a small town? Who has not known the church rivalry in small towns, and the petty jealousies, and the school exercises, and the sleepy politics? But Zona Gale is not content with mere description of her village; she, like Mary E. Wilkins, shows the eternal goodness of the place, the vague longing for better things. Friendship Village becomes an Utopian settlement through the exercise of just friendliness. A homely, slightly satirical picture of little people who gropingly discover their true American greatness—a simple goodness—unfortunately, neither simplicity nor goodness is the outstanding quality of dwellers in cities. It may be that dwellers in cities will learn something of value from Calliope Marsh. For, in spite of lack of polish and any education, Calliope Marsh is as good as gold. ("Neighborhood Stories." By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Co.)

Impromptu Wedding Fiction

Many changes have been rung upon the romantic idea of a union of two absolute strangers in the holy bonds of matrimony, and, if one is to take the word of the fictioners for it, this is the best way of choosing a life partner who will be perfectly congenial. Considering how many marriages that are carefully planned turn out unsatisfactorily, there may be something in it. "The Best Man" is a case in point. This story of the adventures of a detective, who started out, in the first place, simply to get a certain document which had fallen into the hands of a band of hardened criminals, is, however, not intended, like an H. G. Wells novel, to suggest a social problem or its reform, but merely to pass away an unoccupied hour. The detective gets the document, blunders into a marriage ceremony where he is mistaken for the bridegroom, who had wooed at a distance by blackmail, marries the girl



"SISTINE MADONNA" FROM "TWO GREAT ART EPOCHS"

his "Britton of the Seventh" in a like vein, and it is rather amusing to note how these two ministers of the gospel in one swoop have replied to the critics who have maintained that there was too strong a flavor of sanctity about their work. Personally, I do not believe Mr. Gordon ever has done anything so charming as "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," unless it be a little booklet, "Beyond the Marshes," which is worthy of a place among the world's masterpieces.

In "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" Mr. Gordon reintroduces his hero of last year, Corporal Cameron, who married and retired from the Northwest Mounted Police at the close of his book. That fine body of men could not get along without the Corporal, however, in a certain emergency which arose. He had a peculiar genius in handling Indians, and there was trouble brewing. So Corporal Cameron was called upon and responded, his wife also taking an active part in the campaign. It is a little disconcerting to find Mr. Gordon referring to the fearless women of his thrilling story as "the ladies,"

to be free from superstition, and to approximate the white man's strategy. With lieutenants capable of assisting him in his scheme, he might have changed the history of Canada. As it is, he occupies an almost unnoticed place in history, and a small, plain white slab in a cemetery across the Red River from Winnipeg, almost within sight of a crumbling stone gateway, relic of the fort he tried to capture, is all the impression his plot made upon the landscape of the west. The spirit with which this rebellion was encountered, and something of the manner in which it was fought, is the theme of "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail." ("The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail." By Ralph Connor. George H. Doran Co.)

R. B.

Boys' War Story

"The Last Raid," fifth of the Young Missourians Series, is a continuation of the adventures of young Lawrence Middleton and his associates west of the Mississippi in the latter part of the War of the Rebellion. Like the others, the story is full of patriotism, valor and hair-

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quite inadvertently, and then wins her. It is an entirely cheerful story, told with frank recklessness as to probability and literary style, which will commend it to a certain class of desultory readers. ("The Best Man." By Grace L. H. Lutz. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Miss Wells Writes Puzzler

In whatever Carolyn Wells writes there is a certainty of touch and a clearness of technique that make her books worthy of reading, whether it be a compilation like her "Nonsense Anthology," her really most important work, or a bit of fiction like "Anybody but Anne." This is one of the "Fleming Stone" detective stories, which have been wooing Miss Wells away from her classic possibilities. However, the craftsmanship of the story is excellent, and there is about it nothing of the violent attacks upon the patience of the reader that are found in much of this class of fiction. An old and eccentric man is found dead in his study, all possible means of entrance being bolted on the inside, but his wife's pearls are missing from his safe, and a deed of gift by which he was about to turn over the greater part of his wealth to a free library is missing. His wife, son and daughter had all opposed this piece of philanthropy, and naturally must come up for examination. There are guests in the house, to complicate the situation. It is a distinct mystery, and then, of course, the cool and analytical detective, Stone, discovers the solution in a natural manner, by simple subtraction, or elimination. If it be impossible for a person to leave a room by the ordinary exits, and it is positive there was a person in the room and that he did leave, how did he get out? This is the essence of "Anybody but Anne," who would have saved herself a lot of trouble by not marrying the crochety old party in the first place. ("Anybody But Anne." By Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"The House of Dawn"

Southern California and Mexico have had great attraction of recent years for Marah Ellis Ryan, whose excellent story, "For the Soul of Rafael," by which the author is best known to her constituency of the Southwest, is now followed by "The House of the Dawn," given a seventeenth century setting with Old Spain and New Spain for back- and foreground. Don Juan Rivera is the recitalist. He is a younger cousin of the heroine, Sancha de Llorente, and at the outset tells of the betrothal of his twelve-year-old kinswoman to Marco de Ordone, 19, who is about to sail for Mexico with his uncle, Rodrigo, owner of the famous Ordone mines in the interior. Marco, in a few years, has but a vague memory of his fiancée and in the New World lets his amatory fancies rove freely, while back in the old home the sweet Sancha develops into beautiful womanhood, treasuring in her heart a picture of her Marco that is far removed from the reality. Through a priest in Mexico City the girl is kept informed of the movements of her intended who is away at the mines, and thus for four or five years the correspondence by proxy is maintained. Then, Don Juan is old enough to sail for Mexico, whither Marco's foster-brother, the painter, Tristan Rueda, a great friend of the lad, had preceded him by two years. Rueda secretly adores Sancha, but she has scarcely deigned to bestow a glance upon him.

Don Juan is indignant when he reaches New Spain and hears of the gallantries of Marco de Ordone, betrothed to his cousin Sancha. Meanwhile, the priestly-scribe is dead, and the correspondence falls to the foster-brother, Tristan, who writes a goodly hand. He demurs at the task, but is

persuaded to yield and pours out his soul to the girl of his heart, albeit he writes for another. She answers in kind and the letters so spur her love that the orphan-heiress of large wealth presently finances a sisterhood of nuns who are to found a convent in Mexico and to the scene of their new work Sancha accompanies them. It is a long time before the maid learns the truth about Marco whom she has enshrined in her heart as the holder of beautiful fancies and high ideals. Tristan, arrested as a heretic, is about to be burnt at the stake when he escapes and flees to his friends, the Indians, who have come to idolize him as their friend. Soon after, Sancha and her nuns set out to establish their convent, escorted by a small body of soldiers, and with Don Juan in attendance on his cousin. It is a time of great unrest among the natives and travel in the interior is attended by much danger. Of course, the Indians capture Sancha and her party, but at a critical time Tristan

with her husband, Tristan. It is an idyllic love tale Marah Ellis Ryan has told and throughout the story the author has faithfully preserved the flavor of the seventeenth century, when the firm grip of the priesthood was on the natives of New Spain who chafed under the excessive discipline. ("The House of the Dawn." By Marah Ellis Ryan. A. C. McClurg & Co.) S. T. C.

When Virtue Becomes a Vice

There is such a thing as being so virtuous that it borders upon dissipation. This was the characteristic of Agatha Wanstead of Marley, whose tendencies are admirably suggested in the opening pages of the book in which she is the center of interest, Frank Danby's "Full Swing." Agatha was only ten years old, and it was April—and the nights are chilly in Great Britain in April—but because she feared a certain plant was being suffocated in a certain hothouse, she crept out of her warm bed and went



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE POET"—NICHOLSON

appears, claims Sancha as his woman and his right to take her away is recognized.

Then follows a long and arduous march northward to Santa Fe, in which Tristan performs prodigies of valor, which are recounted by Don Juan. Gradually, Sancha's eyes are opened and by the time they reach their destination her illusions concerning Marco are all dispelled. In the great insurrection of 1680 Marco is killed by the father of one of the Indian girls he has ruined and following the subduing of the tribes the church excommunicates Sancha who has fled with Tristan to one of the mountain fastnesses, making their home in one of the ancient temples known as the "houses of the dawn." From one of them Sancha writes to her cousin in Mexico City, telling him not to mourn for her, that instead of losing her soul, she has found it and although the soldiers may sing the song of "Dona Perdida" or the lost soul, as she is named, she is happy

out into the night to attend to its welfare. Lovely! But what if she had caught pneumonia? That is the keynote to Agatha's character. It was not so much conscience that guided her, as a certain passion for martyrdom. Her intentions were always of the best, and she never thought of her own likes or dislikes, and so when it came to mating time, she married the man who seemed most set upon it. He was dissipated, and she was afraid their son would inherit his disposition. Even without evidence in support of this belief, her innate love of self-flagellation and distrust of the world giving her anything she really desires causes her to adhere to it, and send the young man off to the Boer war. Otherwise, he would have married a girl whom Agatha deeply loved. Still, nor fate nor novelist will permit the world to be ruled by such a pessimist, and "Full Swing" does not allow the virtuous youth to be punished for his mother's distorted view of life. It is a good story, but there are times

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Thomas Bird Mosher

Portland, Maine

when one would wish to wring the neck of the saintly Agatha. ("Full Swing." By Frank Danby. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"The River"

Choosing an epic subject, the vagaries of the Colorado river in the California delta, with the efforts of sturdy engineers of heroic mould to curb the runaway freshest waters and so save the Imperial valley from destruction, Ednah Aiken set herself a task of infinite promise, but whose possibilities she has only moderately approximated. Not that she has failed in producing a most interesting story, for the contrary is true, but with titanic forces demanding the most virile handling it is disappointing to find the feminine note dominant throughout the book. In her description of Tod Marshall, the controlling hand in Arizona politics; the maker of governors, the arbiter of big cor-

porations, president of half a dozen railroads, it is easy to recognize Colonel Epes Randolph, formerly general manager of the Pacific Electric lines under Mr. Huntington and, later, personal representative of Mr. Harriman—who figures as Faraday in the story—of the Southern Pacific in Arizona and the west coast of Mexico. It is Marshall whose genius is called upon to check the rampageous Colorado when the bankrupt Desert Reclamation Company throws up its hands and acknowledges its failure to save the valley. Then enters Rickard, the hero of the story, a former college professor in the east, who deserted his classes to become a soldier of modern civilization. He yearned to conquer and subdue mountains, to shackle wild rivers, to suspend trestles over dizzy heights,—this was the man Marshall selected to send into the valley to tame the unbridled Colorado.

Mrs. Aiken introduces him at Tucson waiting for his assignment and her feminine love of detail is seen in the inventory of his personal attire which depicts him as exceedingly careful of his ties, his tie-pins, his silk shirts, silk hose and white serge trousers, belted at the waist. How-

expensive levees and headgates to control the runaway Colorado. Perhaps, the love interest she introduces was necessary, but Gerty Hardin's betrayal of her husband, following her failure to enmesh Rickard seems out of place in a story which has so much bigger material to draw upon. The bitter disappointment of the deposed engineer, Hardin, is well depicted and the fine character of his half sister, Innes, who espouses her step-brother's cause, only to succumb in the end to Rickard's love-making, is assured, but the young woman herself is rather dim in outline. Too much detail is attempted of Gerty Hardin's house-keeping and of her feminine vagaries; they are out of proportion in a story of this nature. The author, however, has caught the spirit of the irrigationist that pervades the valley and subtly injected the reclaimed desert atmosphere into her book which, while not an epic, at least, treats of an epoch-making time in Southern California history. ("The River." By Ednah Aiken. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.) S. T. C.

Essays

"Drift and Mastery"

No one but him who is gifted with a fortunate blindness dares assert that things are what they ought to be, and yet there are so many reformers with one-sided and impractical remedies that the public inclines to avoid them by affirming a conservative contentedness that it does not feel. But the time is upon us when we, the public will have to do something, to declare ourselves for or against the forces that are making themselves felt in the society of today. That the present is a time of deep and world-wide unrest is evident on every hand. The seething waves of an election just past are evidence enough that ideas and theories, panaceas and entrenched trade unions are struggling for mastery. Indeed, so confused does our political problem with its encroachments on social life become, that we frankly discard all faith in the childish babbling of party men, of reformers and of antis; and if we are inspired enough to try to understand things we seek greater thinkers and ask their guidance.

Now, there are not many men who are wise enough and sufficiently down-to-date to give us much help, but there is one, absurdly young, who has just published a book that is certainly wise, and as certainly in touch with present day conditions. The man is Walter Lippmann; and the book is "Drift and Mastery," a mystic title for a soundly sensible essay. Mr. Lippmann has had the best possible education for his task. A graduate of Harvard in 1909 he has been assistant in philosophy under Professor Santayana, executive secretary to a mayor, a writer for magazines, and the author of "A Preface to Politics," a book highly and widely praised.

"Drift and Mastery" he calls an "attempt to diagnose the current unrest." Seriously, calmly, scientifically, and in all modesty he pursues his aim through sixteen of the most interesting chapters ever written on social problems. Not a flashy book like "Crowds," it requires more thought from the reader, but it is quite clear and simply written, and will appeal to all men who wish to know. It is impossible to review in any detail the course of the book: there is too much in it for that. But one thing the intending reader should know first of all is that the book is not a cure-all. It offers no patented panacea, no solution to the problem, but in a truly scientific way hints only at the method by which a solution may be reached. And because this method

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Drift and Mastery

AN ATTEMPT TO DIAGNOSE

The Current Unrest

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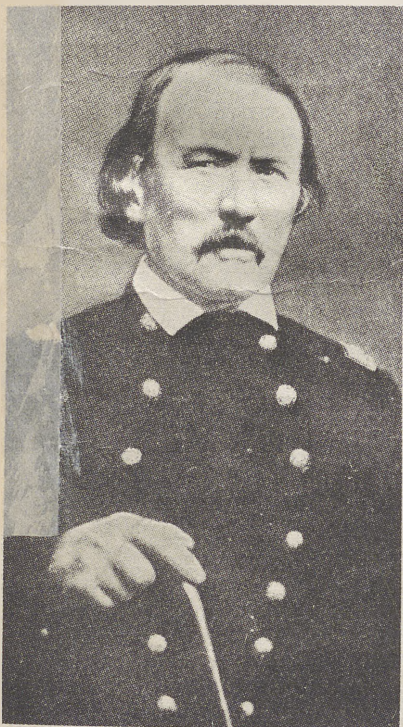
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Reedy's Mirror.

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Kit Carson, from His New Biography

ever, Rickard proves to be no dude, but much of a man when he gropes with the problem that he is expected to solve and on whose success so much depends. How he overcomes the antipathy of the resident engineer subordinates, who regard him as an interloper and an unfair supplanter of their idol, Tom Hardin, is cleverly revealed, but Mrs. Aiken is not so impressive in her attempts to describe the efforts of the engineering staff to check the wild river. She approaches, in fact, incoherency, in her description of the reinforcing of the levee, thrown up by Rickard as a precautionary measure to save the twin towns of Calexico and Mexicali, in the face of Hardin's contemptuous sneers and the apathetic regard of the subordinates. In like manner the author is vague in treating of the work at the Heading and the building of the dam, in the feverish haste to finish which to hold back the flood waters Young Estrada (Andrade?) loses his life.

Mrs. Aiken is happier in her graphic report of the settlers' meeting at El Centro when the suits were withdrawn against the Mexican government and the Southern Pacific in order to insure the completion of the

opposes conservative and socialist alike, because it is not open to the objection of being one-sided and out-of-focus, utopian or pessimistic, it seems worth a brief definition. First, democracy means unrest. Revolt against anything is a sign of life, and is the most notable characteristic of today's civilization. Life is organic, it grows and unfolds and increases by virtue of its inner strength. Therefore, any attempt to improve this social organism must reckon with its now inherent tendencies, and not one or ten of them but all of them. "There is a budding morrow in mid-night."

Mr. Lippmann does not profess to be able to tell us what we must do to be saved; he says what is infinitely fuller of hope than that: he says no one can tell us. That is, democracy is by its very nature so full of variety that any prescription offered by any doctor for one disease will be too pitifully simple to be valuable for other diseases; and any doctor with a cure-all is a quack. The socialist cure, the anarchist cure, the New Freedom cure, the Progressive visit cure—these may touch one disease, but they are useless as religions. And, unfortunately, the public thinks them religions.

There is hope in unrest. The thinker's duty is to study actual conditions, scientifically to analyse tendencies, and to educate the people up to the ability of thinking. Desire is what most men live by; they are learning to add thought to desire. We are now drifting:—revolution itself is drift. Democracy dreamed that the people would become masters, but they have not yet. "This is what mastery means: the substitution of conscious intention for unconscious striving." The present is our problem, in the future lies our goal. Great strength is necessary, for it is harder to see ahead and to work than to rest comfortably in tradition and to dream of a heaven than may be providentially awarded to us.

"Drift and Mastery" is clear, sound, hopeful and enthusiastic. It is the book of the hour, if one may mean by that a book that every man should read now. ("Drift and Mastery." By Walter Lippmann. Mitchell Kennerley.)

"Baháism: Modern Social Religion"

There is a world-cry for the unification of things, and this demand, perhaps, never has been so plainly and impressively stated as by Horace Holley, in his book "Baháism: The Modern Social Religion." Without reference to Baháism itself, there are certain chapters in this book which should be read by every man and woman who has the welfare of the world at heart. I say the welfare of the world, because the amelioration of present conditions, within this generation, is, humanly speaking, impossible. The labor of bringing the world to view itself as a unit, and not as a heterogeneous collection of independent, and often antagonistic units, is a task to be performed for posterity; and it is difficult to get the ordinary man or woman to look beyond "Me and my wife, and my son John and his wife—us four and no more." It is the convincing statement of the necessity for aiding in every way possible, the evolution of this world synthesis that forms the vital part of Mr. Holley's book. The first two headings of the argument are "The Outlook" and "Definition of Human Nature." To follow Mr. Holley in his discourses on these subjects, it is necessary to accept his point of view, which is impossible for a great many for a reason which will be stated later, affecting Baháism itself. Therefore, it is sufficient to say that in these he urges the necessity which, he maintains, is impossible under the crushing domination

of a revitalization of personal spirit-over spiritual affairs of inelastic and unwieldy institutions.

Passing on, we arrive at Mr. Holley's view of "The New Social Synthesis," which is a broadened conception of the science of social solidarity. It is here that the idea of world unity arises, and is treated in many of its phases. I will mention but one. Mr. Holley questions whether or not it may be possible that, even as old forms of government pass out of existence through losing their utility, national organizations such as those known as "United States, England or Germany" might not cease to exist. Their ostensible utility, he argues, is that they protect their population, and he goes on:

"Does the modern state really protect? How foolish! The question, however, is only too well advised. At this very moment (May, 1913) the natives of Berlin and the natives of



Ednah Aiken, Author of "The River"

London vaguely believe that they may find themselves in open and deadly war. Are those people so hostile, those two cities so violently and inherently opposed, that war is necessary and unavoidable? Not at all. The danger of war does not exist in the individuals of either race (taken separately), nor in the political synthesis we call a city; it exists only in the larger synthesis we call the state. That is, whereas the Germans and the English are sympathetic on the personal basis, and are mutually tolerant when taken city by city, they are prepared, as Germany and England, to shock and injure the whole civilized world. Or, to carry the deduction one step further, some two hundred millions of people are thrust to the utter verge of unnecessary, undesired warfare by that same political organization by which each citizen implicitly believes his life and property are defended."

From such plain, and undeniable facts as these, Mr. Holley carries his analogy into the various religious sects, and shows that throughout them there run fundamentals which make possible a synthesis of religious organizations, as there are throughout all races the fundamentals which make possible a synthesis of political organizations. This leads him up to his main subject, Baháism itself, for this religion, he assures us, comes not to establish itself as an addition to all the other multiplied creeds of the world, but to work through them toward a unification of all religions and sects. He draws attention to the fact that Christianity is essentially a personal religion—it has no word for society or state, but concerns itself only with the salva-

THE LONDON TIMES SAYS:

"If the future volumes . . . are as well done as the seven prose plays here presented [in Vols. I and II], we may say that the English reader will suffer little or no disadvantage from his inability to read Hauptmann in the original. . . . The translations . . . are quite masterly, and handle the complicated difficulties of Silesian and Berlin dialects, with all their gradations, in a manner showing excellent judgment and a fine sense of what is just and fitting in the use of language. . . . We have here, or shall have when the edition is completed, the best work of the foremost German poet of the present day."

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tion of the individual soul. Baháism, on the contrary, is engaged with social and political ethics, at the same time that it maintains "the Christian ideal, emphasized and vitalized by the purity of another prophet's vision."

Can Baháism accomplish this end to which Mr. Holley sees it working? Can mankind, as a whole, accept this religion as a master key to its spiritual progress? At this point Mr. Holley overlooks the fact, which he overlooked in his introductory chapters, that an important and growing section of the most serious thinkers and reformers, has become constitutionally unable to accept any mode of belief which is essentially supernatural in its source. It looks askance upon the martyrdom of the followers of Baha'ollah, and will regard this as another symptom of that self-slaying fanaticism in which the Orientals delight, and which they are as likely to practice in following after false gods, as in defending a righteous cause. Mirza Ali's public assumption of the name of Baha'ollah (Glory of God) and announcement that he was the supreme manifestation of the deity, will cause the monistic world to scrutinize with suspicion whatever emanates from such a source. Christians, Mohammedans and Jews alike will incline toward a jealous attitude as regards this messiah, each having his own conception of the form in which God's next personal visit to the world will be made. In fine, Mr. Holley's analysis of social conditions, and his demonstration of the necessity of a political synthesis, are impressive; in how far his optimistic attitude toward Baháism as the solution of the problem is justified it is difficult to

say, but it is to be feared that this will be regarded by most men and women as simply another of those institutions against which Mr. Holley himself inveighs. ("Baháism: The Modern Social Religion." By Horace Holley. Mitchell Kennerley.) R. B.

Rhapsody on Immortality

"These are days of stress and of endeavor," says Howard Sutherland, at the beginning of his little book, "The Promise of Life," "when in the pursuit of the material, one is apt to forget that another life shall follow this as night the day, gentler Spring the stern and uncompromising Winter." From this it is clear that to Mr. Sutherland the promise of life is—more life. After all is said and done, it is from that conception that the highest achievements of the race have sprung. The immortality of the individual soul is the supreme demand of the human being of normal mind. He does not want to be told that he will live on as an influence through his good deeds or high ideals; he does not want to be told that the energy which is expressed in his body and mind will be merged into a universal whole, and so go back to feed the well-springs of the universe; he demands that this thing which says "I" shall be able, in a future life, to continue to say "I," and know that it is related to that other life from which it has been graduated. It is a thing which is not scientifically demonstrable; in fact, on this point the materialists who deny the possibility of such a thing, have rather the best of it. But the demand is there, and they who have faith, say "Yesterday's science is today's trash; today's sci-

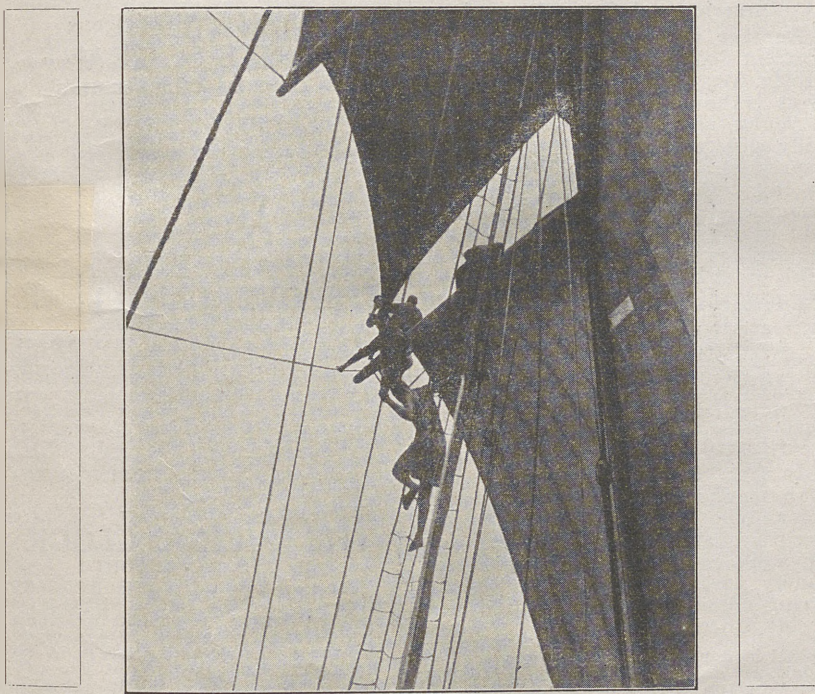
ence will be tomorrow's jest." Mr. Sutherland maintains that the fact in itself that the human soul demands a future life is sufficient guarantee that its demand shall be gratified. The little book is written in beautiful language. ("The Promise of Life," by Howard Sutherland. Rand, McNally & Co.)

"Right Living"

How far the written words of others may influence the lives of our young people rounding into womanhood and manhood is uncertain, but if they could be induced to read even a few of the many excellent selections in Homer H. Cooper's "Right Living" it would seem there could be no question as to the benefit they would receive. The volume consists of short, inspiring messages emanating from those interested in the uplift of humanity. The articles have been written or selected by our most eminent men and women regardless of creed or denomination. Each has written what he or she considered would be of greatest value for students and young people. They will prove an inspiration to the mainte-

"And, if so, why should we not build rough rock-work round it on one side, fill it with the cool misty mauve of the nipeta, the cool, pale yellow spires of the dwarf mulleins, and the faint pinks of spiraea, and against the background, walled about by a bank of the mysterious iris, 'Morning Mist,' let a little slender lead statue rise out of the water? Coolness and mystery! Shall we ever encompass that delightful effect? The flat flagged paths on the other side of the water should be bordered by iris, and they should dip down into the pool itself, where just two or three water lilies should rock their gold-centered cups. O, dear! If we had sufficient money, how beautiful we could make our corner of the earth!" What a familiar plaint! it might be California.

Lovely bits of formal garden in color plates and charming black and white insets in the text, drawn by Charles Robinson, add a beauty to a very well made volume. The preface says that since the writing of the book, the house, "Villino Loki," has been turned into a hospital and the garden serves other uses than a placé



SCENE FROM "THE CRUISE OF THE JANET NICHOLS"

nance of worthy ideals and impart the courage to live the joyful life of worship and service. ("Right Living," by Homer H. Cooper. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Our Sentimental Garden"

Gardens are a never exhausted subject. To the stay-at-homes an English garden seems a dream of enchantments to the imagination, judging from all one reads in prose and poetry. Agnes and Egerton Castle in a volume called "Our Sentimental Garden," give a charming, sketchy description of their own English garden. The book is not one of instruction as to how or what to plant, but the reflections of a garden lover watching his floral dreams take form—and fade. It is the excuse for little journeys back to childhood and the haunting odors and memories of a little English boy in a French garden, with his first conscious joy in the scent of lilacs. A garden, however lovely, is always a suggestion for still lovelier experiments to the ambitious enthusiast. The Castles visit the horticultural show at Holland House and carry away lessons from the lavish displays of beauty there. They wonder if they could have a pool anywhere upon their sandy height. That starts the imagination—to quote the book:

of dreams. ("Our Sentimental Garden." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Poetry

Fine Speech and Common Things

There are many who regard Wilfrid Wilson Gibson as a truer spokesman of the common folk of England than the mighty Masfield himself, and not without good reason. Masfield is not satisfied to call a spade a spade, he prefers to call it a "damned foul spade"—yet Gibson is no less clear in driving home the impression of the spadiness of the spade, but he does not find it necessary to use anything but fine language. In other words, he sings the songs of the people, but—he does sing. Perhaps, his people do not think or say the things which Mr. Gibson puts into their minds and mouths; on the other hand they come a great deal nearer to the speech of Masfield. But if poetry is not for the purpose of glorifying, purifying and idealizing that with which it deals, why have poetry at all? This year's contribution by Mr. Gibson is called "Borderlands

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and Thoroughfares," the former referring to three dramatic dialogues in the style of "Daily Bread," and the latter to a group of poems from street and open road. The first of the dialogues, "The Queen's Crags" suggests the same contrast between Masfield and Gibson noted above. There is an old man, to whom everything is just as it is, and a young man who glorifies and builds romances about his life and surroundings. This and the other three of the "Borderlands" series, deal with men who dwell on the edge of life where they can see visions of things beyond, can translate the seen into the terms of the unseen. They are poems of the dreams of the soil-bound. The "Thoroughfares" poems are crisp and potent with impelling thought. For example, this one entitled "The Wind":

To the lean, clean land, to the last cold height,
You shall come with a whickering breath,
From the depths of despair or the depths of delight,
Strip stark to the wind of death.

And whether you're sinless, or whether you've sinned,
It's useless to whimper and whine;
For the lean, clean blade of the cut-throat wind
Will slit your weasand, and mine.

Mr. Gibson does not hesitate, if a heretofore unknown word comes to his hand, and suits his need, as "whickering breath." This same faculty he employs to a diametrically opposite purpose in a serio-comic poem, "The Vindictive Staircase, or The Reward of Industry," wherein he tells

of the nocturnal wanderings of the ghost of an erstwhile overworked charwoman, which

Tiptoes up and down the wheezy staircase,
Sweetling ghostly grease of quaking candles.

"Sweetling" may be a word in Houndsditch, and "whickering," perhaps, may have been picked up by Mr. Gibson in his wanderings among his folk of the streets and roads, but real or coined, they have their places in the poems, as have others that he employs, for he is, above all things, a master of diction. So while Mascheld may be the virile spokesman of the mob, Gibson is their poet laureate. ("Borderlands and Thoroughfares." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. The Macmillan Company.)

"Earth Triumphant"

In these days when so few people have time for poetry, its production seems to be a hopeful sign. It shows there are those who persist in holding the torch aloft among the vast crowd of novel writers and so-called literary people of variegated attainment. And though the volumes of poetry that are issued each year may fall far short of classical standards they deserve to be judged according to their lower pretensions. As a rule, these volumes are remarked for their down-to-date-ness, in itself a virtue. After the furor that was roused in critical circles last year over the quite new voice of John Mascheld, it was inevitable that there should be heard echoes of that voice. Conrad Aiken is one such. It would be untrue to say that Mr. Aiken has not originality, for he has. He seems truly to write from the same impulse that prompted Mascheld. He shows that same fondness for narration, and the same forcefulness. He exhibits also the weakness of narrative verse, the lack of sustained inspiration.

"Earth Triumphant," the title poem of his volume is undoubtedly arresting in thought, whatever faults of looseness and reiteration it may possess. The idea of the poem is that fine teaching, that Nature is the source of all good, and that Nature comes to heal, with her ever-renewing spring, the wounds she herself has caused. One would expect to find some pessimism in the contemplation of such a theme, but Mr. Aiken cannot be melancholy; he is too deeply imbued with the strength and hope of youth to suffer any enduring checks. Indeed, one can be certain that Mr. Aiken is much younger than John Mascheld by this assurance of his that youth and health will triumph. It can be seen in his poem "Youth" and can be found explicit in such lines as these from "Parasitics":

Let him, him only, sing of life
Who out of terrible triumph sings,
Whose soul comes glittering like a knife,
With savage laughter cuts and flings!

Exactly such a young man as this was he in youth, who in the ecstasy of a glorious swim far out into the ocean comes to see that life means spending one's strength lavishly like a warrior king. And so this youth spends his vigor until love conquers him and even his youth is made to subserve the ends of nature. Here again is no melancholy—fine triumph is in the words:

Love touched him, veiled the truth:
And life made slave of him. . . . Mean-
while the earth
Still through the starlight danced her
endless song,
Turning her lord's love to slow death
and birth,
Still changing grey for green, the weak
for strong,
Life's cry she heard not, knew not right
or wrong;
Youth rose, youth fell; she smiled to
sun, danced on,
Smiling the same smile, dancing, dawn
to dawn.

Lengthy quotation is impossible, or one would quote all of the lyric, "Di-

lemma," which closes the volume. Especial attention must be called to it, however, because it is a worthy and convincing defense of the poet who takes not dreams but earthly realities for his theme. And in it Mr. Aiken shows that he has the truest poetic ideal, that of finding the beauty in all things however base. That is another mark of kinship with Mascheld, as the reader who is familiar with the "Everlasting Mercy" will recognize. The facts of life may seem discouraging.

And yet, from sordid and from base,
Passion can lift a shining face.

So sings an American apostle of beauty of whom we should all be proud. ("Earth Triumphant." By Conrad Aiken. The Macmillan Co.) C.K.J.

"Open Water"

Modern, also, is the latest poetry of Mr. Arthur Stringer, for the poems in "Open Water" are in that new manner called vers libre. Mr. Stringer writes a defensive introduction which may or may not be necessary; that depends on the attitude one has taken toward the free verse of Walt Whitman, and the recent vagaries of Ezra Pound. Indeed, the amount of protestation in the introduction might lead one to expect that the poems will not themselves justify their form. It is true that rhyme and intricate metres are bonds which restrain the too eager poet; but with such recent work as that of Noyes and Phillips



Scene in "Betty's Virginia Christmas"

and Mascheld to refer to, it is unwise for anyone to say that rhyme and metre have outgrown their usefulness. Indeed, the objection can be made that it is often because of these very bonds that the true poet has reached his greatest successes; for under their weight he has learned circumspection and that fine merit, condensation. While agreeing with Mr. Springer that mechanical perfection will not make a poet, we must affirm that mechanics has never prevented a true poet from singing. By all means grant a poet any license he demands, but let his verse, not his carping theory, justify his claims.

The first impression, therefore, that one gets of the poems in "Open Water," is that they are for the most part old themes and thoughts in new style; that is, the old themes are written out freely in phrased prose that flows over the limits that gave them their exquisite form in the hands of less "modern" masters. Now and then, as in "The Steel Workers" and "Chains," Mr. Stringer has dealt with strictly modern subjects, subjects that a few years ago would have been called unpoetical, and in these he stands justified. They are like Pennell drawings in their successful fusion of manner and material. And in the poem "Sappho's Tomb" he has reached such a height of imagination that the somewhat loose rhythm can in no sense be said to mar its beauty. That poem is as poetical as some of

the prose of Morris or of Pater. But in many of the poems the thought is not wedded to form as it should be in the highest art, as it is even in the formal formlessness of Whitman. However, Mr. Stringer's theory may fail without rendering his work valueless. He proves himself the author of those admirable stories of the open and free country that we know from his pen, and shows the same masculine vigor and cleanness. He, too, is a believer in youth and strength and health:

Yea, I will arise and go forth, I have said,
To the uplands of truth, to be free as
the wind,
Rough and unruly and open and turbu-
lent-throated.

Like many modern verse writers Mr. Stringer is usually moral in aim. It is thought and action that move him to sing, and not often beauty pure and unmoralized. And in this trait, too, we find a characteristic of modernity, for men are now "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and are careless of that eternal beauty of "faery lands forlorn." ("Open Water." By Arthur Stringer. The John Lane Co.)

C. K. J.

"America and Other Poems"

Another volume of new poetry is that entitled "America" from the pen of Mr. W. J. Dawson. Mr. Dawson is as certainly mature as Mr. Aiken is young, and, of course, has a radically different ideal and manner of expression. "America" is an ode of careful workmanship and some fine imagination in praise of this young and promising country. The author appreciates our failings, but has a faith great enough to believe that we are progressing steadily forward:

"For a bitter night and day they shall
be tried,
They shall moan within the cruel hand
of greed;
But ever when the wrong has wrought
its worst
Shall arise Redeemers answering to
their need."

In fact, throughout his poems Mr. Dawson shows the optimistic spirit of a man who has been tempered by experience and long life and has emerged to the heights of sane and kindly wisdom. It is thus that he writes a quite beautiful poem on "Extreme Unction".

So all is done. My daughter, now
Look up and see thy place prepared.
See how the streets of heaven glow,
The fruit of Life with angels shared.

Other notable poems are an imaginative soliloquy of Salome, and a fine address to "A Grecian Altar." But all are expressive of the quiet pleasures of contemplation and memory that are the glory of the sunny slopes of declining life. Restraint and calm and hopefulness give to his lyrics the truly poetic atmosphere. ("America and Other Poems." By W. J. Dawson. John Lane Co.)

C. K. J.

Poetry in Appearance Only

Definitions of poetry are as various as definitions of music, and as a modern novelist has sensed the latter in the expression, "Music is any noise backed by a good intention," so we may paraphrase the phrase to cover poetry, and say, "Poetry language backed by a high ideal." This is broad enough to suit even those who insist that not even rhythm is necessary, and even yet it is not broad enough to include the versification of Harry Kemp. And when the circle is drawn closer still to those who hold the Wordsworthian phrase, "The tender charm of poetry and love," as the true test of poetical expression, Mr. Kemp is far off on the horizon. His latest offering is a volume entitled "The Cry of Youth." No person can deny that Mr. Kemp possesses a certain vigor of phrase and cleverness of idea, but in none of

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his verses does there appear that fineness of conception and perception without which verse cannot become poetry. The subjects themselves, or rather the titles, repel—"In a Chop-Suey Joint," "Hell's Resurrection," "Black Death," "Kansas," "The Harvest Fly's Complaint." Fully half of the list in this volume has to do with death, violent, fearsome, repellent. Coarse, grinding words leap from him incessantly. We can endure a line like, "And silence fell, like a hush in hell," and even approve it when it has its place, but when the abode of the damned is dragged in with great

frequency, it loses its impressiveness. Yet no man who has the gift of writing in even a small degree, will fail to turn out a few real gems, and certain of Mr. Kemp's shorter flights are inherently poetical, such as this one:

I saw a naked soul
Crying in the dark.
Its little outstretched hands
Reached dumbly at my heart.
"Who are thou?" I asked.
"Knowest thou not?" it said.
"Thy little unborn son!"
And then I woke, alone.
And hungered after her.
Its mother yet to be
Whom I had never seen.

Mr. Kemp's conceptions of Biblical incidents are usually much finer than his transcriptions from life; but until he learns the essential relation of poetry to music, he must fall short of a place among real poets. ("The Cry of Youth." By Harry Kemp. Mitchell Kennerley.)

"Ebon Muse and Other Poems"

Drifting from the Sapphic odes to the Ebon Muse, John Myers O'Hara is not so far apart in warmth of feeling and expression as one might infer from a casual reasoning. The Lesbian poet was nothing if not intense and Mr. O'Hara's Sapphic translations are recalled as reflecting in no halting way the exotic character of the lyric outpourings of the Tenth Muse, as Plato has christened the great singer of Mytilene. It is again as a translator that Mr. O'Hara shines in the present volume, in which he has interpreted with skillful fidelity the volcanic eruptions of Leon Laviaux, the young Creole poet, who in his Ebon Muse extols the physical charms of the fille de couleur—the "flesh of sable statues, of dark-skinned sultanas, of bronze torsos, of humid and lithe forms, of amber goddesses. He revels in the languid eyes of the jasmine-scented Luore, who rises, a golden nymph, dripping from the sea, to desport with her amorous swain beneath the palms. Or, perhaps, it is the sorcerous, voluptuous Zaire, under whose black bosom is a seething crater of passion that Laviaux depicts and Mr. O'Hara graphically interprets. Then there is the calmer-eyed, quieter-toned Tanesse, whose—

"flesh has the scent
Of an exquisite musk,
From the amorous dusk
Of the Orient."

Again, it is Fafine, "lithe as a cat" and "nude in the cool, palm-shaded pool." To each of these dusky Circes the poet has paid his warm tribute and not a centilire of fluidic passion is dissipated by the translator in transmitting the Laviaux fiery effusions. It may be as Mr. O'Hara states in his foreword that the imaginative impulse, in those somnolent lands where inertia rules, is incapable of sustained utterance, which, probably, accounts for the fragmentary character of the ebonistic lyrics, but, perhaps, it is as well, for their fervor more than compensates for their brevity. Of decided charm, however, is the opening lyric which gives title to the collection. Beautiful imagery, rare descriptive powers, and a fine sense of rhythmic values are to be noted in this symbolic poem, in which the Ebon Muse is portrayed in fleshly tints of dusky hue, bending over her wooer, till he "drank the lyric fervor of her mouth, the soul to sing the glamour of the south." It is a daring piece of work that Mr. O'Hara has ventured and that he has produced the fervid poetry of the original without in the least cheapening the muse or rendering it merely erotic is because he himself is a poet of fine imagination and delicate craftsmanship. We wish, however, that he would spell honeyed without the "ied" terminal and had not attempted to rhyme far with nenuphar, which, of course, is like rhyming soap with soap. However, this is, perhaps, hypercriticism in the face of so much

that is excellent. The book is beautifully printed from 14-point old style type, on French hand-made paper, with deckle edges, and handsomely bound with Japanese board sides. ("The Ebon Muse and Other Poems." By Leon Laviaux. "Englished" by John Myers O'Hara. Smith & Sale.) S. T. C.

Travel

Hamilton Wright Mabie on Japan

There are comparatively few American writers on Japan who make a sincere effort to interpret the aspirations and problems of the land of the chrysanthemum in the terms of its own history and racial ideals. They take to their subject a militant Americanism, fundamentally opposed to the Oriental viewpoint, and seek to explain Japanese character, ambitions and national evolution upon that ground. They regard Japan as a backward schoolboy in the kindergarten of nations which Uncle Sam is conducting through purely altruistic motives, and regret that it should be such a hard and long task to bring the subjects of the Mikado to our way of thinking, seeing, eating, and all other activities. Hamilton Wright Mabie, to most of his admirers is,



Scene in "Duke of Oblivion"

par excellence, the man of letters. When we open a book by this great American, we look for Mr. Mabie himself and his own unique personality. There is, consequently, a slight touch of disappointment, upon picking up his latest work, "Japan, Today and Tomorrow," to find that he is not one of the Americans who write about other countries for the principal purpose of writing about himself. He has realized that Japan cannot be described by an American subjectively, and as a consequence, except for the fine diction and easy literary style, there is little in the book to suggest the author of "My Study Fire" or "American Ideals."

Says Mr. Mabie: "Modern Japan is Old Japan turning its attention to business and arming itself, as its neighbors were arming themselves while it was in seclusion. There is no new Japan: there is an old Japan expressing itself in the language of modern industry and science." That says something. It is the most intelligent word about the Mikado's empire that I have read in any work on the subject. Mr. Mabie, it will be seen, does not regard this race as a group of people struggling to catch up with the United States. It is with this realization that he conducts his inquiry into Japanese affairs. "The real question," he says, "is not What do the Japanese do and how do they do it, but of What spirit are they and for what do they care most? In becoming our neighbors and adopting many of our customs and tools the Japanese have not changed their char-

acter. Even when a people modifies its ideals it does not change its essential nature; it takes a new road to a different destination, but it follows the new way with the courage and energy, or the timidity and lassitude with which it pursued the old paths." In this spirit does Mr. Mabie enter Japan and seek to learn its secrets.

Many phases of Japanese life are discussed: the physical characteristics of the country, its religion, its wars, its opening to foreign trade, its cities, its festivals, even its homes and quaint little ceremonies. All these Mr. Mabie describes in his own sketchy way. Few American writers have equal capacity for conveying a broad, impressionistic picture in so concise terms, and it is remarkable to find how much ground Mr. Mabie covers in a small space. The illustrations in the book are from excellent photographs, and several of them are so characteristic that they enable one to understand better than ever before why it is that Japanese art often looks grotesque to the Occidental eyes. Their trees, their mountains, their laborers in the field, are all weird, mysterious, sometimes distorted and seemingly out of proportion, and this is typical of the American failure to understand the wonderful empire. But Mr. Mabie has understood it and has brought from his study of the country and its people a book which has a message of importance especially to the Pacific Coast. The recent anti-Asiatic legislation passed by the California legislature cannot be regarded as closing this problem. It will crop up again and again, and until the United States learns to understand Japan as Mr. Mabie understands it, the controversy cannot end. ("Japan Today and Tomorrow." By Hamilton Wright Mabie. The Macmillan Co.)

R. B.

"Insurgent Mexico"

To that vast majority of citizens of the United States who are completely ignorant of the real people in the nation across the Rio Grande, John Reed's book, "Insurgent Mexico," will be of immense value; even those claiming to know the country will find much of interest in its pages. There will be found as answer to the query "Should we intervene?" the reply "Absolutely, no!"—not because the author seeks to prove the folly of armed interference, but because he tells what he saw in Mexico, recounts what the people told him, describes the conditions which hold and then leaves the reader to form his own conclusions. Mr. Reed went to Mexico to discover what the Mexicans were about, not to prove any theory concerning them, and the results of his work are found in this volume.

It is not a pretty story that he tells; not one that shows peace possible within a few months; not one to encourage us in the hope that the people will settle their differences shortly; but above all one that forbids the thought of intervention to any reasonable man. Mr. Reed tells of a people of extreme brutality, of abysmal ignorance, of frightful immorality, ill-used by the rich, robbed by officials of church and state, struggling against what they realize is tyrannous toward they know not what. It is the story of a Peasant's War coming hundreds of years too late in the history of the world! On his way to join the insurgent army before Torreón the author, accompanied by Antonio, who a few nights before tried to kill him but compromised on taking his wrist-watch and becoming his attendant, encounters goat-herders. A characteristic episode is related.

"For the years of me," said a herder, "and my father and grandfather, the rich men have gathered the corn and held it in their clenched fists before our mouths. And only blood

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will make them open their hands to their brothers."

The fire died down. At his post slept the alert Primitive. Antonio stared into the embers, a faint glorious smile upon his mouth, his eyes shining like stars.

"Adio!" he said suddenly, as one who sees a vision. "When we get into Mexico City what a 'baila' shall be held! How drunk I shall get!"

It is of such that Mr. Reed makes up his book. Not important in themselves, not such as find their way into the pages of history, but of vital value to one who would comprehend a people, who would see history in the making. Much the author has to say of Villa, that uneducated, savage bandit who has made himself the most significant figure in the country—the Robespierre or Napoleon of the Revolution, who will dare say which? Mr. Reed came to know the war-chief well, appreciated his struggle to learn to read and write, saw his application of military methods which would do credit to a trained strategist, discovered why his soldiers were devoted, found that he did not covet the presidency. "I am a fighter, not a statesman," Villa told him. "I am not educated enough to be president. I only learned to read and write two years ago. How could I, who never went to school, hope to be able to talk with the foreign ambassadors and the cultivated gentlemen of the congress? It would be bad for Mexico if an uneducated man were to be president. There is one thing that I will not do,—and that is to take a position for which I am not fitted." Yet this ignorant man is shown planning schools, grappling successfully with that problem which has overturned powerful governments—how to fill an empty treasury,—possessor of the only hospital train worthy of the name in the entire country.

Of Carranza, the author says little and that little not at all favorable. He appreciates the man as a dreamer who led his peons as a feudal chief to punish the murders of Madero, but he tells how this man is surrounded by followers who have no conception of the attitude of the people, but rather wrangle over the spoils of victory. To the disgust of one of these self-seekers, the First Chief of the revolt told Mr. Reed "If the United States intervenes... intervention will not accomplish what it thinks, but will provoke a war which, besides its own consequences, will deepen a profound hatred between the United States and the whole of Latin America, a hatred which will endanger the political future of the United States!"

Mr. Reed is a sympathetic portrayer of Mexican character. He tells of "Los Pastoras," those replicas of the Miracle Plays of pre-Elizabethan England, describes the making of ballads—sure sign of a people hardly on the first rung of the ladder of progress,—and, throughout, passes lightly over those things inevitable in such a country, but which would so disgust many writers as to cause them to take a distorted view of the whole. "Insurgent Mexico" is a book well worth possessing, thoroughly readable, decidedly stimulating, tending towards a broader view of conditions; a book that will help everyone to a fuller appreciation of what our neighbor is struggling toward in her terrible series of revolutions. ("Insurgent Mexico." By John Reed. D. Appleton and Co.) J. G. R.

He Likes Even Chicago

America's best friend in Great Britain is G. A. Birmingham, whose novels of Irish life, notably "General John Regan," have been so popular in this country, that, possibly, as a reciprocal courtesy, the author made a trip to the United States, took a trip inland—even as far as Chicago—and now has written a book about what he saw and what he thinks about

what he saw. For a man who never had been in this country before, and who did not stay long, he understands the country particularly well, and punctures a good many traditions that have been foisted upon us by less agreeable and sympathetic visitors. For example, the tradition of the pestiferous interviewer. Mr. Birmingham found the interviewers much more interesting than—he modestly ventures—they found him, and he insists that when he realized occasionally that he had inadvertently made remarks that he would rather not have seen in print, and told the interviewer so, his wishes invariably were respected. This is not even the traditional American view. If the truth were known, there is no doubt that nine-tenths of the accusations of misquotations by persons who have been interviewed are the result of their own inability to express their thoughts clearly, or else of not realizing when they spoke how their words would look in print. Another tradition stowed away is the one of the hustling American business man. Orison Swett Marden, who lives in New York, remarked in a recent essay, "What a rare thing it is for a pushing business man to take a friend to luncheon or to dinner just for the sake of having a friendly chat, to talk over old times in a reminiscent mood!" That is the tradition. Mr. Marden, living in New York, has swallowed the superstition whole. Mr. Birmingham, dropping into New York casually, says, "The American business man is, apparently, never too



Mary Watts and H. G. Wells

busy to enjoy a chat. He invites you to lunch with him when you go to his office. He shows you the points of interest in the neighborhood after luncheon." And much more of the same. Apparently, Mr. Birmingham is a better "mixer" than Mr. Marden. There is good evidence to this effect in his sprightly account of his American experiences, for what could surpass the geniality of a man who goes to the lengths of even liking Chicago. ("From Dublin to Chicago. By G. A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Co.)

"Europe From a Motor Car"

There are three kinds of travelers—the kind that tramp, that motor, and comprise Cook's tourists. The first produces literature, the second panoramic sketches, and the third humor. It would be difficult for the reading public to get along without any one of them. To the tramps, and their kin, we owe such books as "A Tramp Abroad" and "An Inland Voyage"; to the Cook's tourists we owe a lot of the jokes and humorous parts of novels and other writings; to the motorists we owe our ability to get a bird's eye view of a great stretch of country. "Europe From a Motor Car" is a title not unlike those of other books of recent publication along similar lines, and it is not altogether unlike them in manner and scope. For, after all, he who sees the country in this swift manner must naturally see only the high lights, and so it is only a question of which particular section he chooses to traverse that will determine the color of his story. Russell Richardson, author of

"A Novel That Has A Right To Be Heard"

THE RIVER

By EDNAH AIKEN

The SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER says:

The setting of THE RIVER is in Imperial County, and its story of love and adventure is interwoven with the heroic fight against the raging Colorado—a fight involving the United States Government, Mexican officials, the California Development Company, and the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Many of its characters are drawn from well-known figures along the border, and its local color is true to life, for Mrs. Aiken went right into the desert when getting her material together, lived in a tent, fraternized with the engineers, soldiers, officials, vaqueros, and rancheros, and became a part of her subject. The story itself has power and thrill and pathos.—*San Francisco Examiner*

Pictures by Sidney Riesenbergl. At all Booksellers. Price \$1.35 net
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INDIANAPOLIS NEW YORK

the book in hand, started at Berlin, and made his way southward, via Leipsig and Munich, skirted the eastern edge of Switzerland and turned east, rounding Lake Como, journeyed along northern Italy, swept down to the Mediterranean through Avignon, west to Biarritz and the Atlantic and then north to Dieppe and the English channel. It is a trip that takes in much of the most beautiful scenery of Europe, and at the same time presents a great variety of landscapes, from the rugged Tyrol to the lovely plains of southern France. The observations made by Mr. Richardson are essentially those of the automobilist. It is the big things he likes to talk about and to photograph. No thumbnail sketches for him. Long vistas, whether for photographs or for historical associations, alone engage his attention. In this particular direction his work is excellent, and the numerous illustrations are handsomely reproduced and expressive of the high lights of the part of Europe visited. ("Europe From a Motor Car." By Russell Richardson. Rand, McNally & Co.)

"Cruise of the Janet Nichol"

There is this difference between the viewpoint of Robert Louis Stevenson on the South Seas and that of Fanny Vandegrift Stevenson, his wife, that, whereas he saw everything with the eye of the poet, marking only the picturesque, the practical "Pani," as the natives called her, i. e., Fanny, noted the degrading influence of the lotus islands on the white men and ruthlessly revealed the truth. Throughout her "Cruise of the Janet Nichol," the late Mrs. Stevenson's diary of a South Sea voyage, the picture one retains is of the hopelessly debilitating effect of island life on the whites, physically as well as morally, in sharp contrast to the fascination, the seduction of the Polynesian and Melanesian islands as depicted by her husband.

It is announced that much of the material in the posthumous work credited to Mrs. Stevenson has never before been given to the public in any way. It forms part of a diary kept by Mrs. Stevenson on that third cruise they made among the South Sea islands in 1890. Originally, there was no intention of publication; the object of the diary was to act as a sort of jog to her husband's memory "where his own diary had fallen into arrears." It will be recalled by Steven-

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son lovers that the first South Pacific voyage by the novelist was in the schooner yacht Casco in 1888. Early the following year the invalid and his wife sailed to leeward from Honolulu in the trading schooner "Equator," passing four months among the atolls of the Gilbert group, reaching Samoa toward the close of 1889. Next year, following the third cruise in the trading schooner Janet "Nicoll," as Stevenson spells it, whereas his wife interpolates an "h" and eliminates the final "l." It was on the schooner that the novelist, as he tells us, began to prepare those famous "South Sea Letters," whose first edition was limited to twenty-two copies, and which varies greatly from the revised edition of 1896.

Collectors of Stevensonism will thank Mrs. Stevenson's literary executor and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, who was aboard the Janet Nichol—to adopt her spelling—for the decision to publish the diary. For Mrs. Stevenson had the "seeing" eye and her diary of the cruise from Sydney to Auckland, thence to the Samoan group, to Manihiki, the Ellice islands and beyond to the Gilbert and Marshall islands, swinging on the back course to the Loyalty islands, and so to the point of departure, is full of interest. Once in a while, the author repeats that which her talented husband had previously noted, but in the main it is new ma-

terial that is offered and of a kind that one would regret to lose. Occasionally, particulars are interlarded that, perhaps, might have been omitted, such as the details of rat catching aboard ship. Thus, "Last night, Mr. Henderson (one of the ship's owners) pulled off a rat's tail. He thought to pull the rat from a hole from which the tail protruded, but the tail came off, and the rat ran away."

Elephantiasis is a disease common in the South Seas among the natives and, occasionally, victims of this hideous complaint visited the vessel, leaving their sanguinary trail wherever they stepped. Leers, also, were allowed to mingle with their untouched kind and proved not the pleasantest of callers. Everywhere, the "Beretani fafine," or white woman, made a great impression on the native women who regarded her as a plaything to be caressed and patted while Robert Louis was adored by the children, especially the small boys, who clung to his hand and cried when the schooner sailed away. Their parents vied with one another to give presents to "Loa" and "Pani" and were hurt whenever their offerings were declined, for various reasons. On certain of the islands are comical laws which are stringently enforced. Thus, on Penrhyn, after "curfew" sounds at 9 o'clock, nobody must leave the house, where he chances to be calling, until after breakfast next morning. It is a trifle embarrassing at times.

On the island of Atafu, the natives were suffering from a skin disease which covered them with whitish scales and was contagious. "The scaly boy on the island," writes Mrs. Stevenson, "has been walking about all day with his arm around Louis' waist, patting and smoothing down his hands with a purring: 'You good papalagi' (foreigner). Amalaisa, wife of the trader, snatched a kiss from Mrs. Stevenson at parting and was off like a flash. 'I trust we have not caught it'—the scale disease—is a fervent entry in the diary. But the 'Cruise' must be read by every lover of Stevenson, for it is pregnant of Stevensonias. Doubtless, in the fourteen years that have elapsed since the Janet Nichol anchored in Sydney harbor, many changes have taken place on the islands touched on the cruise, due to the increasing commerce with the whites, but, alas, it is feared they are not for the better. Robert Louis saw only the waving palm, the curling beach, the tall cocoa tree and the graceful pandanus—haunts of beauty that have been sadly spoiled by the white man's advent. But his wife has drawn a picture that impels a cynical conclusion. ("The Cruise of the Janet Nichol." By Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. With many illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

S. T. C.

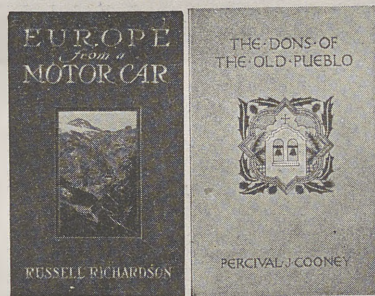
Art and Criticism

Criticism in Its Highest Form.

There are three kinds of criticism—destructive, constructive and creative. The first may be either praise or blame, its characteristic being that it reflects simply the unsupported likes and dislikes of the writer. The second, likewise, may be favorable or adverse, but is the resultant of an analytical mind sympathetically considering a subject with a view to the elevation of the art discussed, by showing wherein lies the strength or weakness of the individual example. Creative criticism has little to do with either. It is a transcription of the emotions of an understanding spectator, perhaps, so far as surface evidence is concerned, having little actual relation to the thing which was its inspiration. Thus the news-

paper review of a play is almost invariably destructive criticism, most of all when it inanely praises the unworthy offering; Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" and Huneker's "Iconoclasts" are constructive criticism; Keats' sonnet to the Elgin marbles is creative criticism. And in this class, all too rare in modern prose, comes "The Enchantment of Art" by Duncan Phillips. This is a volume of essays which have appeared here and there in various of the high class magazines, assembled in a book that makes reading a delight, so well has the publisher realized that such fare must be presented with the finest of the printer's napery.

Discussing "The Impressionistic Point of View," Mr. Phillips states his attitude in the opening essay: "A creation only becomes a work of art when it represents a genuine emotion on the part of its creator and is so conceived and so expressed as to communicate that genuine emotion to others." Thus, to Mr. Phillips, art that cannot be broadly classed as impressionistic is not art. The artist who sees a tree and reproduces it with perfect fidelity, line by line, on his canvas, has not created a work of art unless the tree has conveyed to him an impression—inspiration, as in the giant redwoods, eternal waiting, as in the Monterey cypresses—which he has made visible in his picture. Now, it is clear that a man who thus establishes the point of contact between life and art, cannot go about among creations of genius, without becoming imbued with impressions worth recording,



and such a record is bound to be creative criticism. With the cubists and all their kinds he has little patience. "One such picture," he avers, "would have relegated its creator to a very private sanatorium. But a hundred and more! Evidently an important movement!" Velasquez is almost his ideal of all that a painter should be—no slavish adherent to mere beauty of line or color, but par excellence the man who portrayed the beauty of truth.

One may only suggest the series of banquets this book contains. It is not confined to painting and sculpture, but Mr. Phillips passes his time between pictures in the company of the elect. Symons and Yeats, Bridges and Stevenson, Galsworthy and Walter Pater—his appreciation of these is no less keen than of Giorgione and Watteau. Truly, this book is a journey among the masters of all arts. Mr. Phillips has not always the elegance of phrase that should be the birthright of him who wrought in finest gold of line and color and word; yet his work has an elasticity surprising in an American writer of today, for with the majority it is the clatter of naked ideas and the din of violent attempts at originality. Our literature is raw and bleeding, turned out in vast quantities, paid for at inordinately high prices, and, naturally and inevitably, true to the spirit of speed which dominates the day. Here we have a book from a bypath, by a man who has taken time to consider a few things carefully. It is entirely personal, not egotistically nor self-consciously so, but with the human touch that alone makes criticism readable. In short, of this book one may say

what its author says of Pater, "He always selected for analysis such artists as could give him hints of delicate emotions and subtle conceptions quickened, through sympathetic suggestion, within his own brain." "The Enchantment of Art" is, for the reader of culture, one of the truly fine books of the year. ("The Enchantment of Art." By Duncan Phillips. John Lane Company.) R. B.

Making Art Intelligible

One of the reasons there are so few people interested in painting and sculpture is that painters and sculptors are interested in so few people. "When an artist has created, his duty to the public is complete," said an uncompromising one the other day. But is it? If it be so, then the artist has no right to complain if the public takes no interest in his work. Why should the artist set himself aloft upon a throne and consider himself better than a man who makes a finer kind of neckwear, or builds more comfortable houses than were previously available. In order to succeed in everything else, it is necessary to be something of a salesman, but the artist who would print in a newspaper a display advertisement of paintings for sale would be regarded as a charlatan by his toploftical brethren. Nearly all the books on art take this same attitude. They are not for the people as a whole, but for the artists. Short of a course of study, there are few means the average man has of acquiring the same sort of intimacy with painting and sculpture that he likes to possess in respect to other matters which are of interest, but, because life is short, must be of minor interest only.

Emma Louise Parry has written one of the best books on art for non-artists yet published. It is "The Two Great Art Epochs" and with text free from technicality, and more than two hundred excellent illustrations from photographs of masterpieces, she traces the history of art in Greece and Rome to the beginning of the eighteenth century, with a preliminary word on the Egyptians. This is not new material, nor, in the nature of things, can it be an exhaustive treatise on the vast amount of subject matter handled. But it is a compilation in concise form of information which many have wanted, and have had to hunt diligently in out of the way places, to find. The close relation of the art of a country to its social and political life never has been demonstrated so forcibly. The historical fact, the data as to the artist, and reproductions of typical works, are all placed before you in an instant. Considering that Greece and Rome gave the world the entire basis for fully eighty per cent of its art, the value of this book is apparent.

Moreover, as one reads, the impression grows that this modern tendency to place the visual arts at one side for only people of culture, is all wrong, and that if painting has outgrown the mob, so much the worse for painting. For, we learn, in the early Christian era the wise Bishop Paulus insisted that "art was for the instruction of the crowds of ignorant peasants and other poor and illiterate people who congregated in crowds to the church on all feast and holidays, whose minds would thus be instructed and their religious feelings stimulated." The tendency today is not toward the producing of art which shall be intimate to the people from whom it should spring to be vital and national, but every one of the modernisms adds to quota to the abstruseness of the day. "The Two Great Art Epochs" is a valuable book for him who wants a running idea of art as a whole, and it would do no harm to the creative artist himself, with its clarity of appreciation of

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THOMAS BIRD MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

fundamentals. ("The Two Great Art Epochs." By Emma Louise Parry. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Practical Work on Etching

George T. Plowman has written for artists a book on "Etching and Other Graphic Arts." He establishes his right to speak with authority on these subjects by including in the book nearly a dozen reproductions of his own etchings, drawings and lithographs, which it does not require technical knowledge to appreciate. In addition to his own pictures there are numerous other illustrations by masters of the various arts described. There is a woodcut by Albrecht Durer, among others, which is of especial interest. Mr. Plowman has been in this part of the country, as is evidenced by a pen drawing of the Santa Monica palisades in his typically suggestive style. These are merely the surface features, however, the motive of the book being to provide students and others interested in the technical side of these graphic arts with brief and concise information as to methods and materials. Mr. Plowman goes into detail in these matters and even gives the names and addresses of firms whose goods he recommends, apparently not being afraid to advertise those dealers whose output meets with his approval. ("Etching." By George T. Plowman. John Lane Co.)

Mythology

Glorious Traditions of Wales

There is no mythology so chaste as that of Wales. The gods of Olympus, with their sensualities and those of Valhalla, with their incessant guzzling, are idols of crumbling clay compared with the heroes whose valiant deeds are handed down as the traditions of this rugged land. Not that these heroes were above or beyond human emotion or passion. They loved and they hated, but in their emotions it was their souls that ruled, and not their bodies. Sir Thomas Malory, in transcribing the Arthurian legends, was not entirely faithful to their chaste origin, but interpreted them in the terms of his own time, which, while it may have made them more human, detracted from their divinity. Cenydd Morus—the name is vocal of his right to do the work—has compiled a large volume of legends of prehistoric Wales. "The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed," prefaced it with an illuminating exposition of the principles of the Welsh mythology, and appended a key to pronunciation which robs the book of its sole terrors—the double l's and the vowel w. This is an addition to literature of more than passing interest and importance, for in it is the master key to much ancient wisdom and philosophy.

Most of these stories have to do with great tasks set for mortals by the immortals, who still moved about the earth in visible form, when bent upon punishments or rewards. It was not that they had need of mortal aid, but when they found a man who approached in worthiness the stature of a hero, they sought to afford him the opportunity to raise himself to immortality. So they test him with the most arduous quests, pitting him against supernatural forces, but also giving him the secret of success, if he but has the courage and the understanding to know how to use it. Nor are the gods intolerant of a single failure. There is always the mystic triple opportunity. A man may be surprised into a single failure, outwitted into a second, but by then he is expected to be completely on his guard against the unexpected and the guileful. Nor does he win to his goal in a single adventure, but must go

on through successive stages, ever ascending. The essence of the mythology is best expressed in the song of the hosts of the King of the Bargod, as they appeared in a vision to a hero who had vanquished them utterly:

Though we were slain full many a time,
Full many a time have we risen again;
He that would hearken the ages' rhyme
Must meet us here by the border main,
Must bare his breast to the spears sublime
Till the mortal life in his life be slain.

And some shall fail for a thousand years,
And some shall win in a night and day;
And the eyes of some shall be blind with tears,
And the hearts of some shall be always gay;
But come they singing, or dumb with fears,
They shall win, ere they wend their onward way.

And he that comes and is slain on the shore,
Shall he meet no more with the Guardian Clan?
Hath he come to the peace at the end of war,
The peace that was ere the worlds began?
Nay,—age on age shall the combat roar,
Till that which was man is more than man.

For we that bide by the brink of time,
That have fallen so oft, and arisen again,
Should we leave unhedged with our spears sublime
The world's far edge—should we rest, being slain,
The ages were reft of their rhythm and rhyme,
And the star in the heart of the world would wane.

There is scarcely a system of religious belief since the world began, in which the theme of this poem is not the active factor. There are few preachers now who will openly espouse the theory that the virtuous man is translated immediately into a seraphic reward, while the evil man descends to his punishment with corresponding suddenness, and that there is no gradation between. Protestant Christianity is the only system in which such an idea ever has taken even the slightest root. Roman Catholicism has purgatory as the intervening stage, Mohammedanism has its succession of heavens and Buddhism is gradual approach to Nirvana. Is there not, in this Cymric ideal, a greater inspiration still—that this progress is achieved only by striving until "that which was man is more than man"? This, however, is only the philosophy behind a book which is intensely interesting, taken merely as a collection of stories. There is nothing stale about these adventures. The towering battlements bring pictures all their own, and about the whole volume there is an atmosphere of that enchanting mystery which makes Wales the land of dreams and dreamers. ("The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed." By Cenydd Morus. Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma.) R. B.

"Stories From the Northern Myths."

Until about eighty years ago all mythology was practically classical, and while everybody was supposed to know his Lempriere or his Smith, no attention was paid except by literary folk to the Norse sagas and pagan deities like Odin. The learned Torfason, an Icelander and one of the founders of the science of northern antiquities, who lived in Queen Anne's time did much to interest European scholars in this new field. He was historiographer royal for Norway. The poet, Thomas Gray, who was a profound scholar, became interested in the subject and the results appear in several of his poems, "The Fatal Sisters" and "The Descent of Odin." Philology was then in its infancy and Samuel Johnson, interested like Gray in the studies of Torfason and other Norsemen, places every doubtful word in his dictionary as of Icelandic origin.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, largely through the scientific labors of Kemble and other scholars, the world began really to know something about Norse legends. Matthew Arnold, our next most learned poet after Gray, published in 1857 his "Balder Dead." William Morris twice visited Iceland in the seventies and, having Viking blood in his veins, he became far more engrossed in Icelandic stories than in those from an Italian source. Hence his "Sigurd the Volsung," and other studies. The next year that anti-Pre-Raphaelite, Robert Buchanan, gave to the world "Balder the Beautiful." How far these stories of Balder's visit to the lower world and the doings of Freya and other deities are indebted to mediaeval traditions that filtered to Scandinavia by way of the Danube is a moot question. But in any case, a knowledge of this Norse mythology is part of a literary equipment today.

Mrs. Emilie Kip Boker is to be congratulated on her attractive volume, "Stories from the Northern



At San Gabriel—James' "California"

Myths," a valuable addition to the school library and the home. Her pen is a facile one, and she furnishes good index at the close with pronunciation of the proper names. (Some of the numbers, by the way, need revision, e. g. "Freya 30," for 31.) Here is what she has to say of Freya, who had a palace called Folkvang, and sometimes drove in a chariot drawn by cats, the goddess from whom comes our name "Friday," and of Thor, whence comes our Thursday. "When Odin called the gods together in the great council-hall and told them what the frost-giant demanded as payment of his work (the sun, moon and Freya for his wife) a murmur of disapproval arose. It was impossible to lose the maid who was the light of Asgard, and it was equally impossible to take the sun and moon from the heavens and compel the helpless earth to sit forever in darkness." They confided the task to the crafty Loki. Finally, when the frost-giant had been tricked into building the fortress that would encircle Asgard, but had not finished it at the stipulated time, he grasped two of the pillars, Sampson-like, in his powerful arms, and "it is probable that the beautiful building would have fallen if Thor had not rushed forward at this moment and struck the giant such a blow with his hammer that the builder's head was shattered in a thousand pieces." (Stories

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From the Northern Myths, by Emilie Kip Baker. The Macmillan Co.)

New Edition of Mythological Works

Thomas Bulfinch's three mythological works, "The Age of Fable," "The Age of Chivalry," and "Legends of Charlemagne" have been standard for so many years that it is unnecessary to introduce them at this time to American readers. The three have been reprinted in a single volume, however, and, filling as it does, more than nine hundred pages, it comes about as near as possible to being a complete manual of all mat-

ters mythological. The Bulfinch text has been retained intact, but, as the publishers remark, they feel assured that the author himself would approve certain additions which they have made. The northern myths were not handled exhaustively in the original editions, and the legends of the Nibelung also are now appended, together with summaries of Wagner's music-dramas. Also myths from the races of Great Britain have been placed in the supplement. Consequently, this volume now provides an exhaustive account of all the mythologies of the Mediterranean and central northern Europe, with the high lights of the Oriental races as well. It is, as it stands, interesting reading to those unfamiliar with the ancient gods and beliefs, but its chief value is as a work of reference, in which respects it is incomparable. (Bulfinch's Mythology. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Miscellany

To Mr. T. B. Mosher, Portland, Me.

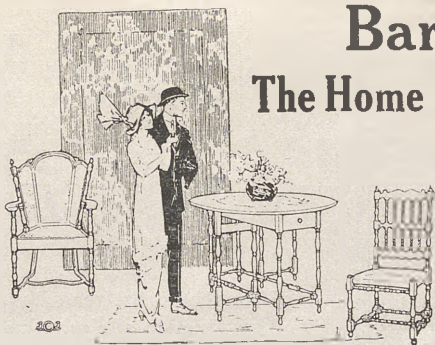
Dear Mosher: My friend, Mr. Clover, has asked me for a review of the Bibelot. But how may one review that beautiful anthology of exotics without reviewing you? No one was ever so near to being the thing well done as you are to being the Bibelot. Of the two hundred and forty numbers comprising the twenty volumes, it is doubtful if you have eliminated yourself from more than half a dozen numbers. And now you have been obliged to bring your invaluable contribution to the sum of human interest to an end "lest it be the you."

Well, we shall miss your periodical visits, but then we still shall have the twenty volumes, with the index so carefully compiled by Mr. M. J. Ferguson, of the California state library.

"To bring together the poesies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing" was the simple plan you set for yourself, and how much of your dear self have you strung along that thread! You do not profess to "exploit the new forces," but to offer the less accessible "things that perish never"—lyrics from writers as far apart as Meleager, Villon, Blake and the present poet laureate, together with such unrelated prose selections as those from Leonardo da Vinci, Olive Schreiner and Aubrey Beardsley. And, if one mistakes not, your own magnificent private library is the vast storehouse from which you have garnered the twenty sheaves of your Bibelot—the whole representing a unity of purpose, "specimens of the finer spirit," all garnished and spiced with the delicate forewords of a virtuoso, and the illuminating critical and bibliographical notes of an expert.

Now, where and how did you acquire this unerring sense of "literary values"? One suspects you began laying up against the future on that first long voyage undertaken in the days of your callow ardor at the mature age of fourteen years—when you went seafaring out of your own country to South America, England, Germany and the other Low Countries, with such traveling companions as the thirty-four volumes of Bell's British Theatre. But you have told the "wistful" story in your matchless Amphora, where the curious may seek it for themselves.

It was in the early nineties you began your career as a publisher, and you "began right away as you meant to go on"—the first number of the Bibelot being issued in January, 1895. Almost at once we came into touch by correspondence, and in the later nineties I had the good fortune, while



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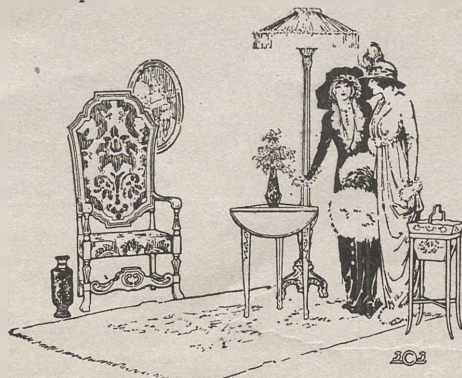
"What shall I buy HER for Christmas?" "A writing-desk, the very thing!" Choose early Jacobean in old oak, with panels of French cane; or an alluring design in antique mahogany with dull brass pulls, and chair to match—or would she not be delighted with a cosy chair or sofa, upholstered in tapestry or velvet, selected from our assortment of many styles, to which we invite your inspection!

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If you wish to make some woman genuinely happy, choose a gift for her from our inviting Department of Household Wares, which includes exquisite cut glass; table silverware and cutlery; beautiful china and porcelain; electrical appliances; in fact, everything for use in kitchen and household. You can't make a mistake in selecting such a gift for wife, mother, daughter or intimate friend.

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in Boston, at "Young's," to meet you, Nathan Haskell Dole, the Scarboro clams and a pair of canvasback ducks. It was a rare fiesta, and fitted us for the pleasant Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Moulton in her pretty salon, so soon thereafter to be closed forever. I am sure the wise Omar and "Old Fitz" must have turned in their tombs on that eventful day. There was much lively chat about a pilgrimage I had recently made to one of those tombs, a pilgrimage you were shortly thereafter to make, and with dear old John Loder take your "mug of bitter" at Little Grange, within the shadow if not at the feet of Gamaliel. For one, I envy you the souvenirs that followed you from the generous hand of the same Loder—a "Salaman and Absal" of 1871, and the "Suffolk Coast Sea Phrases" of 1869. Gifts of this precious sort seem to fall into your net from many sources, and they have been, if not your inspiration, at least, the source of supply for what your friend, Mr. Reedy, happily calls your "encyclopedia of the literature of rapture with the spirit of beauty"—the Bibelot.

Believing that "overproduction, both in men and shirts, is the evil of the day," and that a limit should be set to "this careless procreation," you have been a sort of "literary Malthusian," and have therefore limited the circulation of your Bibelot as also of your other books; hence they are almost never to be picked up from the bargain counter. In the coming time these "exhumations," as one of your correspondents called them (as if recovered from Pompeii or Cleopatra's tomb)—will be fought for in the market place. Even you yourself may prove a sort of curiosity—indeed, I suspect you are already so. "I have a motley crew in my garland of literary friendships," you once wrote to me: "A man came in to see me Saturday from the Pacific Coast who rode from Boston here simply to gaze upon what remains of a Nobel personality"—and surely you do deserve a prize for your many "friendships that have been more like loves." What matters it if you are not in the English "Who's Who" so long as you are among "The Men of The Time!" The penalty you have paid for being a "literary cracksman" has been more of a reward than a punishment. If you have had your enemies, your defamers, you have had your defenders as well, and with all your "crosses and troubles," at least "one or two women (God bless them) have loved you," as also have many men. And you have put all the best and the worst of yourself in your Bibelot, your Amphoras, Dream-thorps, and Chrysanthemas, where they who seek what is worth while may find you in what must be known for years to come as "The Mosher Books." Yours sincerely,

W. IRVING WAY.

Interesting Odds and Ends

With the modest title, "Lucas' Annual," and an even more unassuming garb of neutral green, comes as interesting a volume as the fall crop has yet developed in Bookland. E. V. Lucas, the editor, is one of the presiding spirits of Punch, and author of various sketchy things, a few wander books, novels, and other adventures in versatility. His "Annual" is a compilation of occasional sketchy bits he has picked up in the course of the year, some reprinted from periodicals, and others given for the first time. There is no central idea, and therein lies its charm. Humor prevails extensively but quaint fancy, its next of kin, is also in good quantity. If one must choose something typical, perhaps John Ruskin's letter to Robert Browning, criticising his verses entitled "Popularity" and tearing them to pieces, shred by shred, and verb by preposition, is most accept-

able of all to the cognoscenti, and is must be understood at the outset that this is no book for the ignoramus and the dweller in the illiterate wilderness. They who have cudgelled their brains over Browning's ellipses will enjoy such comment as the one upon the two lines:

And each bystander of them all
Could criticize, and quote tradition.
"Who are these bystanders?" Ruskin asked. "I didn't hear of any before. Are they people who have gone to see the fishing? Criticise what? the fishing? And why should they—what was wrong in it?—quote tradition? Do you mean about the purple? But if they made purple at the time, it wasn't tradition merely, but experience. You might as well tell me you heard the colormen in Long Acre quote tradition touching their next cargo of indigo, or cochineal." Yet Ruskin, in this letter written to Browning himself, later professes a deep regard for the poet's power, but prays him to use simpler forms of expression, a prayer which many today devoutly wish had been answered. So there are bits by Barrie, Austin Dobson, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, Hewlett, Hugh Walpole, Browning and Stevenson letters, and all sorts of other delightful surprises. In the cuisine of literature it is best described as an assortment of canapés. ("Lucas' Annual." Edited by E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Co.)

Favorite Characters in Fiction

In "Figures Famed in Fiction," a volume comprising upward of four hundred pages, the compiler, H. G. Pillsbury, D. D., presents such old friends as Jean Valjean, John Halifax, Tom Brown, Donovan, Marcus Vinicius, Robert Falconer, Donald Marcy, Sheila Mackenzie, Sydney Carton, Clement Vaughn, Berault, Lorna Doone, Angela Messenger, Doctor Hopkins, and Mr. Crupp of Barton, the latter being, perhaps, the most unfamiliar character of all, taken from "The Barton Experiment," by John Habberton. Pillsbury states that these sketches have been drawn from the best and most celebrated offerings in the world of novels. It would hardly be worth while to take exception to this statement, although it is only fair to say that a slightly different choice might have been made in instances. The book is of greater value to the younger generation than to the elders in that it will create a desire to read some of the best fiction thoroughly. It is a book of flavors, well selected in the main and certainly worth a place on the bookshelves of the student of English. ("Figures Famed in Fiction." By H. G. Pillsbury, D. D. Rand, McNally & Co.)

Gift Books

Three Aristocratic Books

Of late years, George H. Doran & Co. have constituted themselves the last resort of the perturbed purchaser of gifts. All the world seems to have resolved itself into a galaxy of things which you know the person you are most anxious to please either possesses already, or undoubtedly will receive from other sources. Then, at the last minute, along come George H. Doran & Co. with a few of the most beautiful books you ever dreamed of, and the thing is settled. This year these philanthropists have chosen for the principal offerings two classics and a pseudo-classic—"Alice in Wonderland," "The Admirable Crichton," and "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," the latter being a reprint of several old tales from the mythology of the Scandinavian countries. It is not the text of these books which attracts, however, al-

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through the shelves of an old book shop? With your mind free from outside affairs, what a joy it is to roam unmolested, dipping leisurely into any volume that takes your fancy. Here you can satisfy any taste, be it literary, artistic, or scientific, you can afford to be a real antiquarian, for books are one class of antiques, so inexpensive that it doesn't pay to manufacture. Think of buying 16th and 17th century printed books for 50c a volume. Dawson's Book Shop is the one place in Los Angeles where this can be done.

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though it is of the highest order of literature. In the realm of children's literature, for instance, where is the fellow of the Lewis Carroll stories of Alice? In modern drama where the play is so suggestive of the ironies of caste as "The Admirable Crichton"? In mythology where a field so ripe for the reaper as that of the Northland? Yet these are things which one may obtain in many forms, and it is the aristocracy of bearing of these editions which forces them upon the attention.

"Alice in Wonderland" is embellished and interpreted with sixteen illustrations in color by A. E. Jackson, who seems to have an intimate knowledge of the world which Lewis Carroll penetrated with his imagination. He does not shroud the queer creatures in vagueness, but gives a clear idea of what they look like in their native surroundings. Hugh Thomson has provided the Barrie play with its interpretative illustrations. There is a full score of them, delicate in conception and execution, and never have Lord Loam, his relatives, and the marvelous butler whose talents elevated him to leadership, when all were forced to rely upon their own resources, been more delightfully visualized. It is doubtful if even the finest performance of the play could give the pleasure of this big book, beautiful within and without. Kay Nielsen is the artist who embellished "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," and the pictures call to mind Aubrey Beardsley at his best. There is a wierd and fantastic light in these new tales of the mythology of the near-Arctic regions, and the artist was not hampered by tradition. The results show that full advantage was taken of this fact.

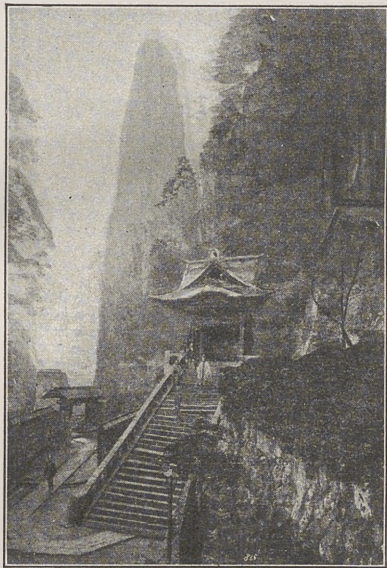
These are three members of the real aristocracy of books. The making of reading matter is not often elevated to the rank of an art, nowadays, because most people demand that books shall be cheap, and since they cannot enforce demands for cheapness in such articles as meat and potatoes, they make their will operative in books just to prove that they are not entirely without power. This makes the contrast the more striking when one finds a book in which it is evident that the publisher has put his finest intelligence. When there is added to the pleasure one experiences in reading interesting or fine writing, the sensuous joy of passing the fingers over good paper and the artistic satisfaction of looking at handsome pictures, there is nothing more that one can ask of a book. ("Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll, with sixteen illustrations in color by A. E. Jackson; "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie, with twenty illustrations in color by Hugh Thomson; "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," old tales from the north, with twenty-four illustrations in color by Kay Nielsen. George H. Doran & Co.)

California Book at Last

"Blue and brown!" exclaimed a visitor from the east, taking in the color scheme of a friend's California bungalow for the first time—"Isn't that a rather odd combination?" The lady of the house, who had designed the decorations, answered not, but led the visitor to the door, and waved her hand at the mesa and the horizon beyond. It was all in brown and blue. "God did it. I may presume in trying to copy, but you must admit there is good precedent for the idea." The beauties of California are unusual, unique. In a desultory way, various writers have sung the charm of the Golden State from time to time, usually as a sidelight on fiction or other main issue. Now, however, California has its own book. Mary Austin has written the descriptive matter, and the illustrations are color reproductions of more than thirty water

colors by Sutton Palmer. Both the writer and the painter know the state, and yet it is impossible that everyone should agree with their interpretations. It is rare to find two persons who get the same picture in exactly the same circumstances. But Mary Austin has written in sympathetic mood, for she loves the state; and Mr. Palmer has painted many moods which will be recognized, whether or not most will agree that they are typical.

There are two features of the charm of California. One is the native beauty, and that is to be found only by taking considerable pains to find it. I do not mean the majestic beauty of Yosemite, for that is not essentially Californian. But the beauty of the canyons, the exaltation that comes as one looks across from range to range in the Sierra Madres, and then dips down into the canyon with its tangle of flowers and brush. The other feature is the artificial beauty, different only in kind and not in degree. This applies to the conventional lines of the eucalyptus and the pepper trees, the almost inky green of the orange groves and their dots of gold, the architecture that grew from the local needs together with the inevitable sense of the esthetic. The latter interests Miss Aus-



"From 'The Spell of Japan'"

tin only casually, perhaps because it is so obvious; but even those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the lore of the foothills and mountain nooks will find in this book suggestions for new fields to conquer. It is surprising, with all this information, Miss Austin should have confused the Los Angeles river with the Arroyo Seco, spelled the latter "arroya seca," written "San Gorgonio" for San Geronimo, "Gaspar" de Portola for Gaspar; and spoken thus of the disappearance of the wild mustard, the prevalence of which is not an unmixed blessing: "Now and then in very wet years a faint yellow tinge, high up under the bases of the hills, is all that is left of the seed which, by report, the Padres sowed along the coastwise trails, to mark where they trod the circuit of the Missions." The mustard will endure, as Miss Austin will admit if she will but visit this part of the country in spring.

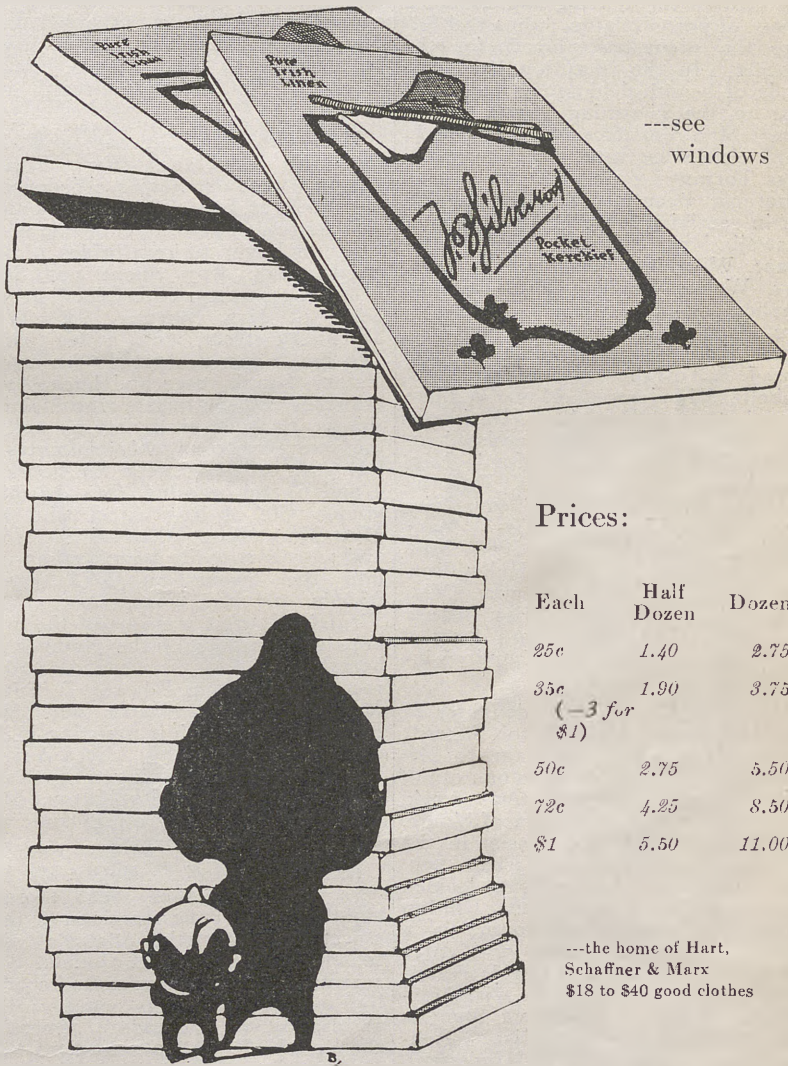
But these are trifles, denoting a lack of finish, but not marring the general excellence of this interpretation of California. The book brings a pungent breath of the canyons, the spice of bursting buds, and a whiff of the dank coolness of a camp among the ferns beyond the end of the bridle-trails. For this is not a guidebook. It does not tell you where to go when you visit the 1915 Exposition. There is no word that the Chamber of Commerce would care to send a person inquiring as to investments.

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It is utterly, beautifully impracticable, a book written by one who loves the land of browns and blues. It is a handsome book too, as the first real book of the state should be, and it makes one glad that he is in California. ("California." Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by Mary Austin. The Macmillan Co.) R. B.

On Oriental Rugs

Dr. G. Griffin Lewis' latest work is well named "The Mystery of the Oriental Rug," for these creations are certainly mysterious and baffling to the average person. One of the principal difficulties is that unless you know their secret, and set out to buy one for your home, the chances are excellent that you will acquire one made in New Jersey instead of Persia or Anatolia. Another is that there are so few persons who understand the real beauties of these rugs, that dealers ordinarily have to "doctor" them to make them salable. Dr. Lewis tells of an experience in which he con-

gratulated a certain importer upon the large number of undoctored pieces in his stock, to which the other replied that in a week he would not be in a position to accept the congratulations, as he was about to send them all to the chloride of lime bath, to brighten the colors, and make them salable. For Oriental rugs are expensive, if bona fide, and the wealthy folk who are able to pay for them have clear ideas of what they want. Who, forsooth, wants to pay \$3.50 a square foot for a rug that anyone can see with half an eye, is all faded out. Dip it in the chloride, and presto—"What brilliant effects we get in these Oriental rugs, to be sure." So Dr. Lewis goes about it to remove a great deal of the mystery which surrounds these fabrics. No person who contemplates investing should fail to consult. The book is profusely illustrated with plates showing designs and symbols. ("The Mystery of the Oriental Rug." By Dr. G. Griffin Lewis. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Social & Personal

ONE of the delightfully planned affairs of the week was the reception and tea dance with which Mrs. Lewis Curtis Torrance of Kenmore avenue entertained Tuesday afternoon presenting her charming young daughter, Miss Katherine Torrance, to her many friends. The reception rooms and auditorium presented a rare scene of Christmas color scheme clusters of royal poinsettias and foliage being used while huge bows of the scarlet ribbons and tulle added an additional holiday touch to the effect. The auditorium was cleared for dancing and behind a screen of potted plants, palms and foliage the orchestra played for the dancers. In the reception hall hundreds of beautiful blossoms had been sent to the charming young debutante. Mrs. Torrance was gowned in black charmeuse satin and lace, while Miss Torrance wore pink and carried American Beauty rosebuds. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. George A. Caswell, Mrs. Norman Bridge, Miss Grace Wiltshire, Mrs. James More, Mrs. Walter Lindley, Mrs. John R. Haynes, Mrs. John D. Fredericks, Mrs. Frank H. Edwards, Mrs. J. W. Hendricks, Mrs. Theodore Welch, Mrs. J. S. Torrance of Pasadena, Mrs. Isabelle Henderson, Mrs. William Bauerhyte, and Mrs. A. N. Davidson; the younger women who assisted included Miss Florence Danforth, Miss Blanche Davenport, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Juliette Boileau, Miss Charlotte Winston, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Helen Hoover, Miss Ruth Montgomery, Miss Helen Burton, Miss Marjorie Freeman, Miss Winifred Maxon, and Miss Beatriz Burnham. The hours were from 4 to 7 and more than three hundred invitations were issued.

Miss Rosaline Merritt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hulet Clinton Merritt of Pasadena whose marriage to Mr. Paul Edward Haupt will be one of the brilliant events of Christmas week, has chosen an equal number of blonde and brunette friends to assist in the bridal procession. Miss Barbara Seville, maid of honor, is a decided blonde while Mrs. Hulet Clinton Merritt, Jr., matron of honor, is a dashing brunette. They will enter alone, however, while the bridesmaids Miss Kathleen Tottenham, Miss Marguerita Winston, Mrs. Jack Somers, Miss Carolina Winston, Miss Gretchen Herrig, Miss Louise Updegraff, Miss Edith Runyan and Miss Agnes Whitaker, blonde and brunette will enter together. Mr. Reese Llewellyn will serve Mr. Haupt as best man and among the ushers will be Mr. Roscoe Hazard of San Diego, Mr. Leo Haben of San Francisco, Mr. John Llewellyn of Los Angeles, Mr. Hulet Clinton Merritt, Jr., and Mr. Herbert Lockwood of Pasadena, Mr. William Haupt of Los Angeles and Mr. Ned Pickett, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., now stationed at San Diego. A number of delightful affairs have been given in honor of Miss Merritt, among them being the theater party with which Mr. Reese Llewellyn entertained at the Mason, Monday evening, taking his guests for supper to the Alexandria afterwards.

Miss Katherine Glasgow, daughter of Mrs. Alice Glasgow of the Rex Arms, became the bride of Mr. Philip S. Harrigan at high noon Wednesday, the ceremony being performed in St. John's Church by the Rev. George Davidson. Palms and ferns were used in the decorations of the

church with lighted candles decking the altar. The bride, who was given away by her mother, wore a suit of dark blue velvet with fur trimmings, a small white hat completing the costume, and she carried lilies of the valley and orchids. Mrs. John Donald Dawson in black velvet suit carrying American Beauty roses assisted as matron of honor. Mr. John Harrigan served his brother as best man and the ushers were Mr. Alfred Craven Gregory of San Francisco, and Mr. Edwin B. Hall of Stanford. A wedding breakfast at the home of the bridegroom's parents followed the ceremony. After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Harrigan will be at home to their friends January 15 at 175 South Commonwealth avenue.

Mrs. Otheman Stevens and her charming daughter, Mrs. Eltinge Brown, were hostesses Wednesday afternoon at one of the most enjoyable of this winter's entertainments when in honor of two brides of last month, Mrs. Roy Silent and Mrs. Louis Cass, they entertained at the home of Mrs. Stevens, 936 West Twentieth street, with a tea party. The house was decorated with a profusion of pink roses and huckleberry branches and the guests who included this year's buds of society as well as the young matrons and debutantes of last year called between the hours of 4 and 6 and greeted the charming young wife of Roy Silent who was Miss Mary Kate Dunn of San Jose, and who is speedily winning her way into the hearts of Los Angeles friends, and Mrs. Cass, who as Miss Virginia Nourse, was one of the most popular members of the younger set here. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Edward D. Silent, Mrs. Charles O. Nourse and Mrs. Eleanor Brown, while assisting in the dining room were Mrs. Alfred Wright, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Katherine Ayer, Miss Anita Patton, Miss Lucie Brown, Miss Louise Hunt and Miss Adelaide Brown.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gillis of West Twenty-eighth street of the marriage of their eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Gillis, to Mr. Frederick McCormick. The ceremony was read beneath the great live oaks of the Gillis country place at Minnewawa, Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. H. F. Hallenbeck of the First Presbyterian Church, San Diego, officiating. The bride, who is one of the popular members of the younger set, returned recently from an extended trip around the world accompanying her mother and sisters. Mr. McCormick, who is well known as a war correspondent of the Associated Press, was at Manchuria during the Russia-Japanese war, also founding the Associated Press bureau at Peking, China. He is secretary of the Asiatic Institute. The R. C. Gillis family passes much of the time at Santa Monica although still holding residence in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edward A. Featherstone of West Twenty-seventh street has returned, after a delightful two months' visit with relatives and friends in Chicago.

Entertaining in honor of three of the debutantes of the season, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Florence Johnston and Miss Mary Hughes, Mr. Frank Simpson of Ingraham street was host at a theater party Thursday evening at the Morosco, taking his

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guests to the charity ball at the Alexandria afterward. The party was chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes the other guests including Mr. John Rankin and Mr. Neil Pendleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of West Twenty-fourth street left for the week-end at Coronado Beach. They are planning to pass the Christmas holidays in San Francisco with their son, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cass have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their many friends in their new residence, 2531 Twelfth avenue. Mrs. Cass was formerly Miss Virginia Nourse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of Berkeley Square.

One of the brilliant dinner parties of recent date was that given a few evenings ago at the Hotel Maryland when Miss Margaret Pank of Evanson, who came west to assist as bridesmaid at the Kellogg-McKellar wedding November 4, was the especial guest of honor, Dr. and Mrs. James H. McKellar, who have just returned from their wedding trip sharing the honors. Clusters of beautiful blossoms and ferns centered the table and other guests were Miss Ellen Kellogg, Miss Louise Mansar, Miss Wright, Mr. James Howard, Mr. Garrett Van Pelt, Mr. William Kellogg and Dr. Roy White.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor of Berkeley Square entertained with a theater party at the Morosco last week taking their guests to the Alexandria afterward for supper and attending the Mardi Gras charity ball. Included in the guests were Mr. and Mrs. William J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hook, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sharpe of Wilshire Boulevard are entertaining

this week end at the Craggs Country Club in honor of their house guest, Miss Clara Belle Roe of Kansas City, who is visiting in Southern California, dividing her time with Mrs. Elliott Severs of Pasadena, daughter of the Sharpes and a classmate of Miss Roe at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows of New Hampshire street entertained Thursday evening with a theater party at the Orpheum in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gage who will leave shortly for several months' visit in the south. Twenty guests were entertained, the charity ball at the Alexandria forming part of the evening's fun, after the theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Allen of Orchard avenue have returned from a five weeks' trip through the east where they visited in Chicago and New York.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of West Twenty-third street are planning a dinner party at the Los Angeles Country Club, Wednesday evening, December 16, in honor of their niece Miss Mary Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Walter J. Hughes of West Adams street.

Mrs. Claude E. Booth of the Mayfair in St. James Park entertained recently at a delightful tea, forty guests responding to invitations. The decorations were charmingly carried out with Cecile Bruner roses and the tea table was lighted with pink shaded candelabra. Mrs. Booth, who will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Root, one of the summer brides, was assisted by Mrs. D. Splane, Mrs. Cleves Harrison, Miss Emily Hutton, Miss Mae Hamilton and Miss Florence Mahoney.

Mrs. F. K. Groves of Windsor place, South Pasadena, presided over a delightful luncheon party recently at which Mrs. A. E. Wilson and her

charming daughter, Miss Molly Bryerly Wilson, who has but recently returned from an extended stay abroad, were the especial guests of honor. Pink roses and ferns were combined in the centerpiece of the luncheon table; the place favors were beautiful, hand-made pink satin roses and tiny Japanese after-dinner coffee cups, from which the black coffee was served after luncheon. Mrs. Wallace Libby Hardison and Miss Wilson presented an enjoyable musicale program following the luncheon. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Hardison, Mrs. Clara Gries, Mrs. William Irving Warner, Mrs. Otis Crawford, Mrs. John H. Attig, Mrs. E. W. Ober, Mrs. R. D. Shryock, Mrs. Lawrence Q. Sloan, Mrs. Summer J. Quint, Mrs. J. W. Going, Mrs. H. H. Sutherland, Mrs. E. A. Hardison, Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, Mrs. Clark Rutherford and Mrs. Fred K. Groves, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Lippincott of Hollywood entertained Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett and Chester Hoag at a Morosco theater party taking their guests to dance at the charity ball at the Alexandria afterward.

Mrs. Leslie C. Brand of Glendale, accompanied by Miss Tessie Dean, left last week for the east where they will be domiciled in New York city for several months, taking side trips to all the points of interest on the Atlantic Coast. They are planning to remain east for three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Willits J. Hole gave a dinner party of thirty-one covers recently at their home in West Sixth street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett and Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth who have returned recently from a summer abroad. The table decorations carried out the Christmas colors and the evening was passed in experiences of the returned travelers from the war zones.

Miss Anita Felsenheld, who came from New York to assist as maid of honor at the Van Nuys-Page wedding, entertained with a theater party at the Orpheum Monday evening taking her guests to the Alexandria afterward for supper. Those who enjoyed the evening included Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe, Mr. and Mrs. Benton Van Nuys, Miss Lucy Clark, Mr. Donald O'Melveny, Mr. William Kay Crawford, Mr. Gurney Newlin, Mr. George Ennis, Mr. Neil Pendleton, and Mr. Roy Naftzger. Miss Felsenheld left for her eastern home Tuesday morning and the affair was given for those who had entertained in her honor during her visit here.

Dr. and Mrs. Julius Koebig of 562 North Kenmore avenue, celebrated the twenty-fourth anniversary of their wedding, December 5 when their son H. K. Koebig entertained with a dinner party at the Sierra Madre Club in their honor. Silver, green and white were charmingly carried out in the table decorations rosebuds tipped with silver forming a nest where the wedding cake rested and a miniature wedding party in costume of 25 years ago stood at the other end of the table. Dr. and Mrs. Koebig were presented with a silver service. The guests included Dr. and Mrs. Koebig, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koebig, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koebig, jr., Miss Julia Koebig, Miss Edna Hauerwaas, Miss Theodora Koebig, Mr. H. K. Koebig and Mr. Kurt Koebig. After the dinner the party attended the Kirness at the Shrine Auditorium given under the auspices of the Austrian-German-Hungarian Relief Society, of which Dr. Koebig is president.

Entertaining with a dinner party at the Hotel Maryland recently, Mr.

Eric Kobbe, Mr. Paul Barnes, Mr. George Early, Mr. Matthew Slavin, Mr. Francis Baer, Mr. R. Crane Gartz, Mr. Ben Leslie and Mr. George Baei were hosts, while the especially honored guests were Miss Marguerite Mears, Miss Alice Early, Miss Mildred Landreth, Miss Alice Farley, Miss Gertrude Caunt, and Miss Vivian Caunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell chaperoned the jolly party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt, the latter more generally known as Julia Bracken Wendt, the talented sculptor, entertained with their first informal "at home" last Sunday afternoon, when the guests welcomed Mr. Wendt home after an extended eastern trip. In his absence the artist served on the jury for the American exhibition of art in Chicago, and later visited in New York and Washington where there are important exhibitions of art of the year. Mr. Wendt has again been elected as president of California Art Club and among the guests were many members of this association.

One of the pleasant fortnightly dinner dances which are being given by the Sierra Madre Club, was held last Saturday evening, with even larger attendance than usual. Among those present were W. G. Adams, C. F. Axelsson, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Blinn, A. B. Chivenden, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Colhoer, H. H. Couchman, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bliven, Dr. W. B. Dakin, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Dimon, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Fletcher, E. M. Glaser, Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Holland, E. K. Hum, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Keegal, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kidd, J. H. Lockett, W. R. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Post, F. R. Salter, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Smalley, W. R. Tobias, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Van Pelt and Captain and Mrs. Wharton.

Miss Millicent Todd, author of "Peru, a Land of Contrasts" and daughter of Prof. David P. Todd, the Amherst astronomer, and Mabel Loomis Todd, has just returned from Russia, where she witnessed the mobilization of the Czar's army, found that it was unsafe to speak a word in German, and learned from the newspapers that "the United States would probably side with Germany."

Patrick MacGill, author of "Children of the Dead End," has position in the Royal Library at Windsor, and is busy writing a new novel.

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Music

By W. Francis Gates

ARRIGO SERATO left no uncertain impression on his auditors at Trinity Auditorium Tuesday night. He played as the third artist on the first Philharmonic series of concerts, before an audience that in a short time recognized his immense virtuosity, but which was not of the proportions that his standing and reputation warranted—even in Los Angeles the city that is slow to recognize artists new to it. The Italian violinist played a program not unusual in its construction, the larger things being the Sarasate "Gipsy Life," which is well known, and the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor, which of itself is enough to establish a violinist's reputation. The latter is replete with virtuososo passages played with absolute mastery, and the ease that marks the great technician and with the finish of shading characteristic of the thorough musician. Serato seemed rather to wish to prove by his program that he had the most musical conception of the works he played. There was not the continuous display of violin technics that has marked recitals of other great violinists—though what were given proved him to be on a par with Kubelik or Kreisler in that regard. He seemed rather to wish to meet Kreisler on the latter's ground of appealing by innate musical quality and certainly, as Mr. Behymer says, he is "brother to Kreisler" in that regard.

Serato plays his violin with the loving, caressing touch, the absorption, the conception of melody peculiar to the Italian temperament. In manner he reminds me of what I have read of Paganini, though not at all of the physical build of the latter, being shorter and heavier. Seldom does he straighten up as if to say, "I am master," more generally, he leans over his violin as if to say, "I am your lover." And through this sympathetic attitude he more quickly reaches the hearts of his auditors. From a broad, cello-like tone he passes to a mere vibrant murmur and holds his audience by the pulsation of it. In all, he must be ranked as among the most interesting violinists that have been heard in the many years of Philharmonic concerts. His accompanist, Homer Samuels, was entirely adequate to the artistic task imposed by the requirements of his principal.

Estelle Neuhaus presented a brilliant piano program at the Little Theater last Tuesday afternoon, including the Beethoven piano sonata, op. 57, several Chopin numbers and the Liszt Twelfth Rhapsody. The sonata was given a polished reading with a facile technic back of it, but possibly not so fiery an interpretation as that of Carreno. And still Miss Neuhaus is not without spirit and temperament, as shown in the Liszt and Chopin numbers, which were played with German thoroughness. In the Chopin selections the fair pianist was at her best, especially in the Andante Spianato and in three light dances by the Spanish composer, Albeniz. The recitalist was assisted by J. Howe Clifford in readings from Longfellow and Whittier which added variety to the program and which he gave in dignified and scholarly style.

Evan Williams and Theodore Bendix divided honors at the Gamut Club

dinner last week. And herewith I must tell a story. These gentlemen met before the dinner and had a pleasant chat with reference to mutual friends and as Williams made musical references Bendix said to him, "Are you musical?" whereupon the noted tenor replied, "Well, some of my friends say I am and others say I am not, so I don't know." The conversation progressed and finally Bendix further asked, "May I ask your name, I did not catch it?" The answer was, "Evan Williams" whereat the violinist of the Bendix family became a shrinking violet for a few minutes. And the tenor had the best of it at the club for Williams sang, but Bendix didn't play, though both made clever speeches, Bendix declaring that this was but his second speech, and his first was a good one. Mr. Williams sang two of Cadman's songs. Leo Sachs, traveling with Mr. Bendix played a cello solo, Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Kansas City played piano and brass wind instrument selections cleverly; and baritone solos were contributed by Ray H. Crittenden and Thomas Govan. The Delano guitar quartet played and other tinkling numbers were speeches by Charles F. Lummis and Will Chapin. The program was closed by solos from Francis J. Tyler, late with the Sheehan opera company.

For December 17 the Los Angeles Choral Society, under the direction of Frederick Brueschweiler, announces a performance of the "Messiah," in conjunction with the People's orchestra, directed by Edward Lebegott. The soloists scheduled for this performance are Mrs. F. H. Colby, soprano; Alice Lohr, contralto; Fred C. McPherson, baritone; G. Haydn Jones, tenor. Frank H. Colby will assist the orchestra at the organ. Early next year it is planned to produce Beethoven's "Solemn Mass," by the same forces, but conducted by Mr. Lebegott, the two conductors alternating this way in directing the public performances. It is also planned to give the "Messiah" a Sunday afternoon performance at the Temple Auditorium and it is fairly certain that with such forces on the stage there will be few vacant seats in the house.

Quite a contrast in the stories of symphony orchestras this fall. Here is the Los Angeles orchestra with two large audiences out to hear its opening concert, while we read of the Minneapolis and other orchestras disbanded on account of war and financial conditions. Certainly, music lovers of Los Angeles are to be congratulated on the fact of being able to hear even its small number of symphony concerts and hearing them from an increased number of players as well as directed by a conductor whose powers are demonstrated more fully with every succeeding concert. While the repertory does not contain so many musical novelties as had been planned, owing to the impossibility of getting scores and parts, still, we are lucky to hear any repertoire at all, under current belligerent and financial conditions. And it is a fine thing to know that, with everybody holding on to a dollar as though it was the last of its kind he would see for six months, still the symphony audiences are much improved in size over last year. But why not, at the current scale of prices?

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Public Land Sale 015640

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, November 24, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), pursuant to the application of Harrison R. Ward, care Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles, California, Serial No. 015640, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$3.50 per acre, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 7th day of January, 1915, at this office, the following tract of land: Lots 5 and 8, Section 19, and Lot 1, Section 30, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. M.
Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.
Non-Coal.

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a men's grill, on the first floor, a tea-room on the second, ball, reception rooms and the famous rose-room. Reed and Barton of Boston have furnished a magnificent silver service, complete throughout, and Burley & Co., of Chicago, a complete china and glassware service, bearing the Lankershim crest. New table linen of artistic design are in harmony.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. L. Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
October 5, 1914.

Non-Coal 024198.

NOTICE is hereby given that Elias Victor Rosenkranz, whose postoffice address is 525 California Building, Los Angeles, Calif., did, on the 5th day of August, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 024198, to purchase the E $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ and SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, and NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 1, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of December, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
(Dec. 12)

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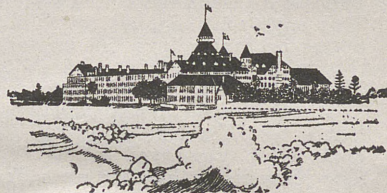
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Stocks & Bonds

STIMULATED by a favorable statement issued by the company Los Angeles Investment came to the fore as soon as the local exchange was reopened this week. The first trade in the stock, also the first trade made following the resumption Monday, was an odd-lot transaction at 40½ cents. At this writing the market has gained 17½ points, and gives evidence of decided strength. Wednesday morning an over-night advance of 6 points was revealed at the opening.

The company's statement showed a book value for the stock of \$2.19, on the basis of a total book value of the assets of more than \$10,000,000; net, in excess of \$8,000,000. The fact that the directors of the company who took charge of its affairs a year ago, have decided not to be candidates for re-election was also made known. The letter states that these directors feel that there is no longer need for them to remain on the board, as they have been giving their time gratis, and the company's crisis has been passed. It positively stated that their decision was not influenced in any way by the criticisms of certain stockholders.

Union Oil has been almost motionless this week at \$47. There appears

no news to influence the market one way or the other. The bonds have sold at 80. United Oil opened with a strong tone Monday. It then receded but later reacted. National Pacific has been fairly firm. Associated and Amalgamated have been lifeless. Midway Northern is about steady.

One of the features of the week was the sale of ten shares of First National Bank stock at \$590 a share. Security Trust & Savings, and one or two other issues showed improvement after the reopening. A few Pacific Light and Power bonds were traded in at 85.

There is a movement started by a few of the brokers looking toward the broadening of the market for mining shares in this city. That industry is giving every evidence of a remarkable revival. Several members of the exchange recently visited the Goldfield district, which is the center of the reawakened interest, and report most optimistically on the conditions. At present there are only a few mining issues listed on the exchange.

While the local market as a whole was quiet this week, it showed that prices in general had been stimulated somewhat by the reopening of the exchange. It took several days for the market to find itself.

Week's News in Perspective

Friday, Dec. 4: Deadlock in both Poland and Flanders campaigns * * * Prohibition amendment is attacked in Arizona * * * Indiana politicians, including lieutenant-governor, indicted for salary grafting * * * Baker P. Lee causes arrest of Harvard school masters for paddling his son.

Saturday, Dec. 5: Big battle being fought between Germans and Russians south of Lodz * * * Survivors in San Francisco * * * Salazar heads new revolt in Mexico * * * President Spruille of Southern Pacific says Panama boats are carrying more freight than railroads already.

Sunday, Dec. 6: Germans occupy Lodz, but Servians win important victory over Austrians; Roumania to join Russia and Serbia in east * * * Villa, Zapata and Gutierrez occupy Mexico City * * * Pomona College million-dollar memorial fund nearly completed.

Monday, Dec. 7: Congress opens * * * Local stock market opens * * * Italy mobilizes troops in Libya * * * Terrific storm in east cuts off New York for several hours * * * Zapata and Villa agree to drive Carranza out of Mexico and then retire to private life * * * Police recommend drastic regulations of jitney busses.

Tuesday, Dec. 8: Secretary Garrison orders troops to Naco, Ariz., to protect city from disturbances across the border * * * Reports of successes from both war zones are conflicting * * * President reads message to congress * * * Julius Kruttschnitt says railways are being driven toward receiverships, according to the Times, but is optimistic, according to the Examiner.

Wednesday, December 9: President Taft says only danger of United States becoming involved in war is through violation of treaties * * * Three German vessels sunk off South American coast and crews lost * * * Edison's plant at Orange, N. J., destroyed by fire * * * City Council again postpones charter amendment election call.

Thursday, December 10: Unconfirmed rumor that Kaiser is dead * * * Five men lost in snow in Bear Valley * * * Schooner Centralia has hard fight for safety off San Luis Obispo * * * Cotton crop breaks records.

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